The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 86. Vol. XV. NOVEMBER, 1898. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* November *will be noticed in the* December *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th December *in the* January *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has now written more than half of the sequel to "Sentimental Tommy." The provisional title is "The Celebrated Tommy," but this may be changed. Mr. Barrie will not be able to finish the work in time for its appearance in *Scribner's Magazine* this year, but it will be begun in that periodical in 1900.

Mr. Quiller Couch has finished his story for *Scribner's*, and it will probably run there through part of next year. Mr. G. W. Cable is also engaged on a story for the same magazine, so that *Scribner's* may be said to be splendidly supplied with fiction.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new story, "The Day's Work," has been well received by the public, the circulation up to date being larger than that attained hitherto by any of Mr. Kipling's works in the same period. The characters in Mr. Kipling's new serial of schoolboy life are Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle, and they are said to be "the most real, attractive, likeable boys since Tom Brown." Among the titles of the chapters are "An Unsavoury Interlude," "The Moral Reformers," "The Little Prep," "The Last Term."

The circulation of the first number of Cassell's *New Penny Magazine* has been enormous if not unprecedented, no fewer than 750,000 copies having been sent out, and the orders for the second number promise to reach the same extraordinary figure.

Mrs. Shorter's new volume of poems to be published shortly by Mr. James Bowden will be entitled "My Lady's Slipper and Other Poems." The title poem has been published in the *Sketch*.

We hear with much interest that a new publishing firm is about to be established under the name of the Walpole Press. It is understood that Mr. H. S. Nichols will be the moving spirit in this undertaking. Already some works of great importance have been projected.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's novel, "Aylwin," bids fair to be one of the most successful books of recent times. The sale has been exceedingly large and rapid, while the reviews have been unanimous in praise. Mr. Watts-Dunton has recovered from his severe attack of influenza, which has for some months disabled him from work. He has another novel practically completed, which may be expected to see the light in due time.

It is probable that Mr. Clement Shorter's annotated edition of Mrs. Gaskell's biography of Charlotte Brontë will be published in this country by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., who issued the book originally. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., of New York, will be the American publishers.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the author of "The Forest Lovers," has completed a beautiful story entitled "The Madonna of the Peach Tree." Like his other book it deals with mediæval life. The new story is comparatively brief.

Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel bears the attractive title "The Garden of Swords." It will be published serially in *Cassell's Magazine*, and in book form by Messrs. Cassell in this country, and Messrs Dodd, Mead and Co. in America.

Certain editors are grieved at present by the fact that their next serial writer has three stories running at once, and commencing at the same time. There are not many novelists whose serials really raise the sale of a magazine, and when a writer's public is divided into three the case is hopeless.

We are very glad to hear that Mr. Richard Ashe King after long abstinence is returning to the field of fiction. A new novel from him may be expected by-and-bye. It is a good many years since Mr. King made his name as the author of such excellent books as "Love the Debt" and "The Wearing of the Green." Since then, he has done much admirable work as a critic in *Truth*, the *Illustrated London News*, and other periodicals. Mr. King, who lived for many years in Dublin, has now been for some time a London citizen.

Mr. Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy" has been translated into Swedish.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has been lecturing at Birmingham, Manchester, and Edinburgh, on the Art of Fiction. Mr. Parker commenced by saying that the art of fiction was but modern in comparison with painting, architecture, and music. It did not, as a definite invention, go further back than the time of Louis XIV. of France, nor in its Anglo-Saxon beginnings prior to the time of Defoe. In spite, however, of the antiquity of the arts he had mentioned, he submitted that the art of the novelist was the oldest of all, existing as it did potentially in each of the other three, these being but the outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual grace of language which was then in its infancy.

The writing of fiction was one of the most curious fashions of our time. With lightsome spirit everybody did it.

Ladies took it up with impunity, and men of all habits and professions practised it. It was the secret ambition of more than one Statesman, the recreation of Duchesses, the dissipation of the Canon and the Archdeacon, and the proud ambition of the Lord Chief Justice. If it was an epidemic, it could not be more fashionable, but great writers did not grow up in a night. As to popularity and the elements of success in relation to the elements of art, Mr. Parker had great faith in the general sense of mankind, and an intense respect for the feeling if not for the judgment of the world. It might not always be right, but in its general concurrence or condemnation it was seldom wrong. Popularity, however, was no test of genius, though it always had some force behind it, and popular approval certainly indicated some merit.

The *raison d'être* of a novel was a story. Every book which was a popular success always had some sort of power which seized the reader and held him, and it was a mistake to despise any quality which ruled the mind and sympathies of the people. This quality should be noticed by the novelist, and the mind of the people should be led to higher things. The characteristic of great genius was that it always knew its way to this, and genius reached all hearts. Sensationalism and adventure had their places in fiction, but the human art and the facts of life were more than this, and character more than all. The real and permanent success with books of power was not achieved by the merely unique incidents of genius, but by the preparation which preceded the writing of them. "Mr. Isaacs" was written in month, but that argued no careless jugglery of talents. Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" was no mere eruption of genius.

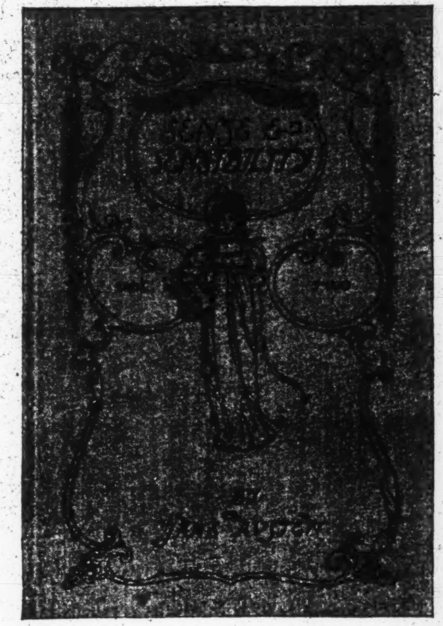
As to so-called schools of fiction, the fact was that fiction could not be reduced to an exact convention. The art of literature of all the arts depended most upon the constructive and logical powers of intelligence. Was this true of the lowest forms of fiction as we find them to-day? His answer was that fiction, however low, which was in the hands of the public to-day could not be taught in schools. The references to the schools of Scott, Zola, Tolstoi, and others were only phrases having no value, and only used because the great masters had imitators. Great works of fiction could not be labelled in an arbitrary manner. Love and fighting were not necessarily romance; neither were soup kitchens and the divorce court necessarily realism. Mr. Parker wished to set aside the idea that great fiction was a mere transcript of life. Transcription was not the work of an artist. If it were, there would be no need for painters, for photographers would do, nor for writers of fiction, for we had the facts at hand around us. It was the human significance of the fact with which the novelist had to concern himself. Mr. Parker remarked that he obtained the local colour which he sought last winter in Egypt from the report on sanitation which a native officer sent him in return for one of his books. In this volume Egypt was for the first time unfolded to him—its homes, its fields, its villages. But information was only the rough material, and it needed something more than mere skill to construct the building of fiction. The imagination had to be called into play.

A first novel is announced by the writer often referred to as "Miss" Grace Rhys, in connection with the now familiar "Banbury Cross Series." The novel is titled "Mary Dominic," and Miss Grace Rhys is in reality, of course, Mrs. Ernest Rhys, and the daughter of a well-known Irish wit and J.P. The scene of the story is laid, it need hardly be added, in Ireland. Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., who published the Banbury Cross Series, are the publishers.

The news of Mr. Harold Frederic's untimely end has caused widespread and sincere regret. Mr. Frederic will live in the memory of all who knew him as one of the most striking personalities they ever encountered. It was not easy to know him, despite the frankness of his manner. He had much in reserve which he only imparted after confidence had been established. But those who knew him best had an absolute belief in the genuine friendliness, kindness, and simplicity of his character. He had strong health and a buoyant spirit—possessions which carried him over difficulties to which most men would have succumbed. As a worker he was untiring and dauntless. He took without grudging or bitterness the comparatively poor success of his early books and went on. It was a very heavy blow to him that, owing to the failure of the American publisher of "Illumination," he missed the payment he was entitled to from that country. Mr. Frederic was self-taught, but few men knew so much. There was scarcely any subject on which he was not fitted to give information. Remarkable as much as his books are, he was greater than his books, and there was that in him which he never succeeded in putting into print. As a conversationalist he had very few equals, and was perhaps the only man we have ever known who could monopolise conversation for an evening without being set down as a bore. There was something wonderful in the unconscious and easy felicity with which he brought words together into one graphic narrative after another. He was a not unfrequent contributor to The Bookman, but we rather think his articles were all anonymous. One or two on the Historical Novel attracted considerable attention at the time. Of contemporary authors he seemed to put first Mr. Barrie and Mrs. Atherton, taking a keen and genuine interest in the recent work of the latter. But he always loved to do kindness. There was no envying and no grudging in his nature, and the writer who said that he combined the manner of a bully with the heart of a child was not far out.

We very much regret to record the death of another contributor to The Bookman, Mr. Gleeson White, who, after a long and strenuous activity, has passed away before he began to grow old. Mr. Gleeson White succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever caught abroad. He was originally, we believe, a country bookseller, a man of keen artistic perceptions, endless perseverance, and enthusiastic love for art and literature. He soon made his way. For the eminent firm of Messrs. Bell he did much excellent work which was duly appreciated. There was nothing almost that he could not do, and do well. It was to him as much as to any man that the improvement in bookbinding is to be attributed. He did some of the best designs for book covers we have ever seen, and his methods were imitated by others. He wrote well and with knowledge on any subject he took up, and as the first editor of the *Studio* showed that he could recognise and meet a need. In conversation, Mr. Gleeson White was genial and communicative, and very often brilliant. He never forgot his own early struggles, and was always willing to stretch out a hand to others. His departure from us is a real loss.

A great deal of attention is now given by publishers to artistic covers for their books. Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. may certainly claim to be *facile princeps* in the tastefulness of their designs. We give a reproduction of a sample cover of their new edition of Jane Austen's novels.



Two new editions of Whyte Melville's novels are being published, one by Messrs. Thacker and another at a lower price by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. Messrs. Ward and Lock are paying great attention to the illustrations in their issue, which will begin with "Katerfelto."

Messrs. Dent's Temple Dickens will consist of forty volumes to be issued at the rate of three a month. It is said to excel in beauty all the famous editions hitherto issued by Messrs. Dent. One of the features will be a coloured frontispiece.

Mr. G. B. Burgin requests us to state that he is not severing his connection with Messrs. Pearson until the end of this month.

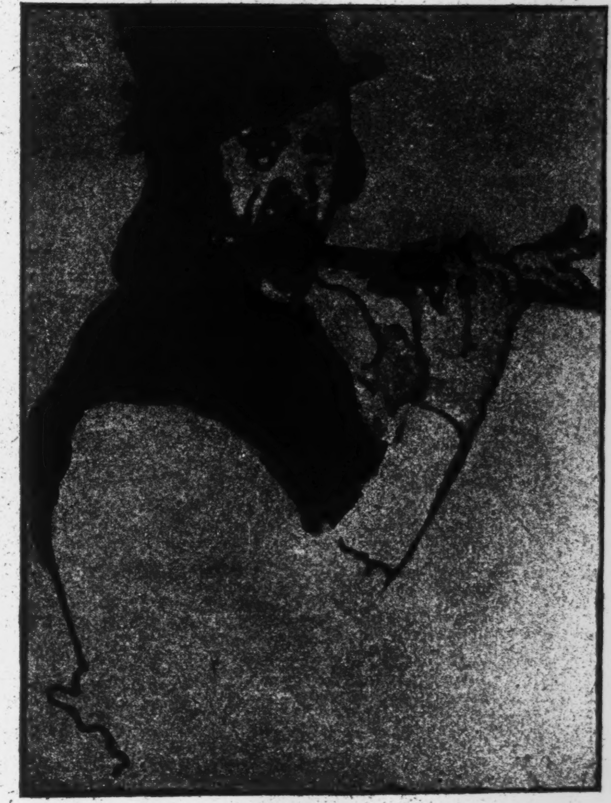
Mrs. Malling, the authoress of "A Romance of the First Consul," recently published by Mr. W. Heinemann, has just completed a new novel, which will shortly be issued to the Swedish public. The novel, which bears the title of "Ysabel," is a story of the Peninsular War, and embraces the period "From the Capitulation of Madrid to the Retreat from Torres Vedras." Translations in English, Danish, and German have been arranged for, the English translation being undertaken by Mr. Steen A. Bille and Mr. J. W. Salter.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's "Wonderful Century" has been a great success. The first edition is already out of print, and a second edition is to be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. at once. As might have been expected, the second "part" of the book has awakened a good deal of controversy and much hostile criticism, though the first "part," dealing as it does with the history of progress, has been universally commended as a luminous and compendious account of the discoveries of the century by one who is specially qualified to speak.

The third volume of Colonel Dabliac's and Mr. Harbottle's "Dictionary of Quotations" will, Messrs. Sonnenschein announce, be ready early next year. "English Quotations and Classical (Latin and Greek) Quotations" having been already dealt with in the first two volumes, the third is to be devoted to the Continental countries. When completed, the work should form the fullest and most up-to-date *corpus* of quotations which has so far been published. One of the chief features of the series is that all quotations are fully referenced to their sources, and fully indexed at the end of the volumes under authors, subjects, and catchwords.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, the author of that most interesting and picturesque narrative of the recent Indian Frontier Campaign, "The Story of the Malakand Field Force," has recently returned from Egypt, where he has been serving with the 21st Lancers. He is now engaged in writing an exhaustive history of the three campaigns on the Nile. The book will be fully illustrated with maps and pictures. We presume Messrs. Longman will be the publishers.

There may be different opinions as to the beauty or appropriateness of the designs with which the Beggarstaff Brothers have illustrated Mr. Edwin Pugh's new novel. There can be no doubt as to their startling originality. We reproduce the frontispiece of the book, and leave our readers to judge.



Tony's Father.

FRONTISPIECE OF "TONY DRUM."

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 19TH TO OCTOBER 22ND, 1898.

The demand for school books, which abates somewhat as September advances, has given way to a steady enquiry for the new season's production. Trade generally has been satisfactory, and is not much behind that of previous years. The tendency to issue a class of low-priced books increases the item of labour considerably without an augmented return. This, unfortunately, seems to be a factor in many trades other than bookselling. The export trade is fairly brisk, orders for the advance issues of Christmas annuals keeping this department fully employed.

A very noticeable feature in the present demand is the interest shown in all publications dealing with the Soudan particularly and Eastern affairs generally.

The output of 6s. novels is still very great, and what is much more to the point, the sales are as brisk as ever. "Roden's Corner" and "Rupert of Hentzau" seem to be the most popular, and many novels that have been published for some time (reckoned by the average life of a book of this class) will still be found in the list appended. The "novel with a purpose" has given way to the purely imaginative work, the more impossible the better.

Among the books for boys and girls the "ugly beast" book has again appeared, but does not attract much notice. Blackie's 3s. 6d. and 6s. juvenile books are as usual well in the front, the favourite authors being Henty, Fenn, and Hutcheson. For further particulars see reviews, or better still buy the books and encourage trade. Fairy Tales are, if possible, more popular than ever.

Very little attention is being paid to religious or theological books, compared with other branches of literature. "Workers together with God," which comes in this class, is the only one that calls for mention.

The issue of 6d. volumes is now extended to some of the old and well-known books for boys, and in this form they are again in favour.

There are a large number of bulky works of travel, which form an important item in the business. Those narrating journeys in Asia seem to be appreciated.

Among magazines the *Royal* is not going off as well as was anticipated. The sale of the *Wide World Magazine*, since the appearance of the De Rougemont adventures, has risen to an enormous figure. The trade is somewhat curious as to the reception which the next number will receive.

The question of cut or uncut edges for books has again made its appearance, and opinions seem to be pretty evenly divided.

The annual volumes of magazines still form an important item. The sales of *Chatterbox*, *Sunday*, *Children's Friend*, and similar periodicals in this form are very gratifying.

The subjoined list is taken from a reliable source of information, and may be considered to be a fair index to the public taste.

The Day's Work. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Red Axe. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Dicky Monteith. By T. Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
The House of Hidden Treasure. By M. Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Aylwin. By T. W. Dunton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Changeling. By W. Besant. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Californians. By G. Atherton. 6s. (Methuen.)
To Arms. By A. Balfour. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Town Traveller. By G. Gissing. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Fatal Gift. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Wild Eelin. By W. Black. 6s. (Low.)
The Children of the Mist. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Innes.)
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By R. C. Slatin. 6s. (Arnold.)
Twelve Indian Statesmen. By G. Smith. 6s. (Murray.)
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
Blackie's 3s. 6d. and 6s. Juvenile Books.
Second Thoughts. By J. K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
God's Outcast. By S. K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)
Workers together with God. 5s. (Mowbray.)
Forgotten Children's Books. By A. W. Tuer. 6s. (Leadenhall Press.)
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale and Pullen.)
Sea Urchins. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
The Tadpole of an Archangel. By W. Drury. 2s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Sept. 24—A moderate week, improving towards the close Foreign trade fairly brisk.
Oct. 1—Trade improved owing to commencement of delivery of new books for the season. Colonial and foreign trade about the same.
" 8—A very brisk week, but somewhat quiet at the close. Export departments busy with orders for Christmas Annuals.
" 15—Trade steady throughout. Foreign and colonial orders heavier.
" 22—A fair week, falling off at the close. Export business satisfactory.

(2) SCOTLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 20TH, 1898.

Following a rather brisk business done by school and college, booksellers began what is reckoned the usual publishing season with its contributions from all the leading firms to the volume of trade.

Interest in the Soudan reconquest still continuing, Steevens' "With Kitchener to Khartum" came opportunely, and specially claimed attention, apart from its literary merit, on account of the rapidity of its production. "Sirdar and Khalifa," by Bennett Burleigh, continued to maintain its sale.

Any work by Rudyard Kipling may be expected to find a ready reception, but the success of "The Day's Work" was quite phenomenal.

With regard to other six-shilling novels the output was excessively large. Many were by unknown authors, but perhaps the following gained most prominence:—Besant's "Changeling," Max Pemberton's "Phantom Army," Carey's "Mollie's Prince," Moore's "Fatal Gift," Winter's "Heart and Sword," and, just as the month closed, Crockett's "Red Axe."

Some of those mentioned in our last report still kept their popularity; for example, "Roden's Corner," by Merriman; "Wild Eelin," by Black; "Rupert of Hentzau," by Hope; and "John Splendid," by Munro. The readiness with which Mrs. Henry Wood's novels in their cheap form were bought by booksellers proved that the popularity of that writer's work was not on the wane.

No religious work may be said to have had a large sale, but from the numerous enquiries on all hands for the "Life of the late Henry Drummond," by Dr. G. A. Smith, it seems certain, when published, to meet with a warm welcome in Scotland. For the new "Church Hymnary," to be used by all branches of the Presbyterian Church, there was an extraordinary demand which is likely to continue for some considerable time.

Two large and expensive volumes of travel appeared during the month, and gained some notice especially by librarians—"Through Asia," by Sven Hedin, and "In the Forbidden Land," by A. H. Savage Landor.

Great activity was shown amongst magazine publishers. The most important of the new comers were: *The Royal Magazine*, *The Girls' Realm*, *The Lady's World*, and Cassell's *Penny Magazine*, each seeming to find a ready field for itself immediately on publication. The sale of the *Wide World Magazine* kept rising steadily. *The Windsor*, *Strand*, *Pearson's*, and *Harmsworth* held their popularity, but the proximity of their days of publication no doubt interfered with their sales, and might, we think, be altered with advantage to both the proprietors and to the booksellers.

Sixpenny issues of popular novels were much in demand. The latest additions were books for boys by Henty and Kingston, and "Called Back" by Hugh Conway.

The following is our usual list of the best selling books:—

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Changeling. By Sir W. Besant. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Across the World for a Wife. By E. Boothby. 5s. (Ward and Lock.)
The Widower. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Heinemann.)
In the Forbidden Land. By A. H. S. Landor. 32s. (Heinemann.)
Sirdar and Khalifa. By B. Burleigh. 12s. (Chapman and Hall)
God's Outcast. By S. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Hume.)
John Splendid. By N. Munro. 6s. (Blackwood.)
The Phantom Army. By M. Pemberton. 6s. (Pearson.)
Mollie's Prince. By R. A. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Heart and Sword. By J. S. Winter. 6s. (White.)
The Fatal Gift. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The House of Hidden Treasure. By M. Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
In High Places. By Miss Braddon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Church Hymnary, and many educational works.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROFESSOR KNIGHT AND DOVE COTTAGE.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Sir,—In your October issue of The Bookman Mr. Shorter has contributed a very seriously inaccurate and extremely rude article. I forgive the rudeness, and ignore his personal attacks; but I must ask your readers what sort of trust can be placed in a "literary causerie" by one who invents stories, and circulates misrepresentations. (1) The Wordsworth Society never "took possession of Dove Cottage," or had anything to do with its purchase. (2) Professor Knight was not "engaged," in September, "in arranging the library of Wordsworthiana that he has collected." His Wordsworth editions, and books, and MSS. are not at Dove Cottage. (3) He has not presented them "with a considerable flourish of trumpets to the Dove Cottage Trustees." He has merely bequeathed them to the nation, and Mr. Stopford Brooke has written him a letter of thanks, signed by his co-trustees. (4) He was twice in Dove Cottage this autumn, for the first time for four years. He never saw Mr. Shorter, and for anyone not bereft of reason, or lost to all sense of honour, to say that he "sat in the family sitting-room, apparently resenting the entrance of the merely frivolous public," is too preposterous for words. The cottage has been bought for the nation, and everyone rejoices to know that so many visit it. (5) Your contributor goes on to say that he "resents the appearance of Professor Knight's books in the cottage." There is not, and never has been, a single book of mine in Dove Cottage. (6) The cottage is not made into "a show place." It was in a dilapidated state when the trustees obtained it, and much has been already done to preserve it from decay. The aim of the trustees has been to keep the cottage as much as possible as it was in Wordsworth's day, and it is difficult to exaggerate its importance and usefulness as an object-lesson in simplicity, honourable poverty, and high-mindedness. Mr. Brooke and Professor and Mrs. Armstrong are deserving of all honour for what they have done to keep it so. (7) Mr. Shorter tells your readers that one of its rooms is "to be crowded with all kinds of spick and span books, most of them worthless." This would be astounding intelligence, if not so utterly false, and rude. All Wordsworth's own editions of his works—probably the completest set in existence—will be there, and it has been thought better that they should be in the cottage than in the British Museum, or sent to the hammer for sale. There will be samples of his MSS., and of Coleridge's, of Southey's, and his other friends. There will be many letters about him from Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Russell Lowell, Mr. Ruskin, and hundreds of other students of Wordsworth in many lands. The entire correspondence of the Wordsworth Society will be there, and critical estimates from the *Biographia Literaria* onwards, and Mr. Shorter may be informed that I have advised the trustees to make no mention of the donors' names. It will be for posterity to say whether their gifts are "worthless" or not. (8) These gifts, however, are not to be placed in the Wordsworth rooms, so as to interfere with the singleness of impression which the rooms and the garden convey. They will be placed in the annex to the cottage, which was built so lately as 1849. Many gifts from many donors from all quarters of the globe have already been promised to the cottage. There will be drawings of all the places where the poet lived, and original portraits of himself and of Mrs. Wordsworth. It is a pity that anyone claiming the distinction of a man of letters should speak of this as a "vulgarising" of the place. Mr. Shorter should also remember that if such an article as he published—circulating calumnious misstatements—is not actionable, it is answerable in the interests of honest journalism.—I am, yours, etc., William Knight.

The University, St. Andrews, N.B.
October, 1898.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

I FIND from Professor Knight's letter published above that he was not the person I met in Dove Cottage, and who was pointed out to me there as the possessor of bad manners. My remarks therefore concerning Professor Knight fall to the ground, and I much regret and sincerely apologise to him for the mistake. Whatever difference of opinion may exist concerning this or that aspect of Professor Knight's work, none can fail to recognise his single-minded devotion to the memory of one whom we are all agreed to reverence.

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There is an interesting article in the last issue of the *Quarterly Review* on the book catalogue of the British Museum. The writer tells the story of the cataloguing of the books in our great library from 1759, when the Museum was opened to the public, onwards, and he finally makes a plea for the expenditure of some £50,000 or £60,000 for a complete and exhaustive catalogue of books up to the year 1900, the present printed catalogue of authors who come under the earlier letters of the alphabet being so exceedingly defective. The *Quarterly* reviewer pleads that if Parliament and the country could vote, as they did in 1885, £72,000 for a Raphael for the National Gallery, they may be persuaded to spend £50,000 on a catalogue of the Museum Library. I doubt very much, however, if public opinion would endorse the expenditure of such a sum, although, to all of us who use the library, the demand seems perfectly reasonable.

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The *Quarterly* reviewer refers to the fact that there are special bibliographies of particular authors on sale at the Museum, as, for example, of Aristotle, Bacon, Byron, and Goethe, and that these are purchaseable for two or three shillings each. He assumes that their existence is not known, or they would have a very large sale. Unfortunately, they are better known than the writer wots of, and several of them are quite out of print. I, who have a special desire for the Byron bibliography, for example, cannot obtain it anywhere. The Scott and Napoleon are in my possession, and very useful and interesting books they are. None of these bibliographies should be allowed to go out of print, and they might be made more complete. It would not involve a very great expenditure, and, indeed, might be made quite remunerative, to keep them on sale. In one particular I think they might be improved. In a recent introduction to Shelley's long-lost "Victor and Cazire," Dr. Garnett wrote concerning "the wisdom of purchasing everything for the national library, however apparently unpromising."

* * * *

Now the bibliographical catalogue of Scott, which one may purchase for two or three shillings, indicates perfectly clear that the Museum has not got first editions of more than half Scott's novels, and is very defective in general Scott literature. When it is remembered that up till three or four years ago most of Scott's novels could be purchased in first editions for a shilling a volume, the fact seems the more regrettable. Whatever the deficiencies of the printed catalogue concerning a great number of authors, it ought to aspire to be perfect with regard to all the really great ones. There is little excuse for not purchasing first editions at a time when they are comparatively cheap. Until a few years ago, when the first-edition craze commenced, Shelley and Byron were also tolerably cheap, and many first editions of good authors are still so. It should, however, be the first business of the Museum, as I have said, to be bibliographically thorough with all the acknowledged great writers. That result could be furthered by printing in some special type all the books by a given author or concerning that author which are not in the Museum. This would greatly facilitate the quest for missing books, and meanwhile the bibliographies of certain great authors—Scott, Byron, and others—would be complete to the advantage of all students.

* * * *

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are to be congratulated upon the very handsome catalogue containing all the books published in Great Britain during the past seven years, and most of the publications of the United States. It is in this book, no doubt, and in the British Museum Catalogue that most writers will obtain their one chance of immortality. The public will cease to buy, the average circulating library will send our books to the paper-maker, but here is an undying record that we have done something. There are sixty thousand books in Sampson Low's catalogue.

* * * *

I am quite at a loss to understand the fine frenzy with which Mr. Quiller Couch—most brilliant romancer and capable critic—has got himself into concerning that same "Victor and Cazire," to which I have just referred. "Why," he asks, "should such rubbish as the early verse of Shelley be given to the world?" But really there is nothing to justify Mr. Quiller Couch's distress. The public will not buy under false pretences. No critic of the book is likely to mislead them as to its intrinsic quality, and Shelley's reputation, which is the principal thing, will receive no shock by the discovery that, as a boy, he wrote very bad verse. On the other hand, a number of bibliophiles will be very much delighted at possessing this crude effort of a favourite poet. Others will consider that Dr. Garnett's pleasant essay is well worth the money that they have spent, and others again will be helped to some understanding of Shelley's literary growth by the discovery that so great a literary master could, in a few years, have gone through so extraordinary a change.

* * * *

One form of book grows apace—the memoir—and to many of us whose memory goes back a few years it becomes more interesting as the contemporaries of our fathers come, one by one, to the front. Here is a memoir of James Hain Friswell, pleasantly written by his daughter. Mr. Redway is the publisher. The book is just the right length. It can be read at a sitting. Friswell was worth this much. He would seem to have been a hard-working, capable writer. To-day he is known to most of us as the author of "The Gentle Life" and founder of a series which gave many of us our first glimpse of Montaigne's Essays. Some of us also remember vaguely that Mr. Sala brought a libel action against Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton on account of certain indiscretions in Friswell's book, "Modern Men of Letters." Miss Friswell, now Mrs.

Myall, is not displeased at Sala's admission that the five hundred pounds he obtained did him no good. It would seem that for a time Friswell wrote the "Answers to Correspondents" in the *Family Herald*—a post which another brilliant man of letters, Mr. Grant Allen, has also adorned.

* * * *

Here is a glimpse of one of Friswell's friends:—

> "At Charing Cross Station my father suddenly stopped and shook hands with a gentleman who stepped out of a train. He would have been tall, but his shoulders seemed somewhat bent, his hair was long, so was his beard; he wore an ugly Inverness cape and a large slouch hat; he looked like a bandit in a melodrama, and I thought him some poor actor who had come out in some of the stage properties."

This, with a general impression of a very sad man, is what Miss Friswell remembers of Lord Tennyson. Of her own father she leaves the impression of a man who came in the period between Grub Street and the modern prosperous Club man. Friswell to-day, with the same measure of literary and journalistic success, would clearly be making double his income, but he would not have known the Tennysons, Thackerays, and Dickenses of his own day, and they have no successors in personal magnetism. So that perhaps his was the happier life.

CLEMENT SHORTER.

THE READER.

HAROLD FREDERIC.

ON Wednesday, the 19th, in his forty-third year, died the American author of whom the greatest things were expected. Although he was far removed, by the very virility of his mind, from *les précieux*, his style could hardly have been improved upon, and he was by far the most intellectual of the American writers of fiction. We have a half-dozen famous men novelists in the United States who are brilliant, witty, subtle, keen of observation, and graceful, even exquisite of style, but we have none left with the depth and strength of mind, the masculinity, the unselfconsciousness, and the broad humanity of Harold Frederic. In place of the national cleverness he had the genuine intellect of the older races, and while not lacking in delicacy of touch, he had none of the irritating thinness which characterises the typical American product. He was not always an agreeable writer by any means, and in all fiction there is no character so remorselessly developed as Theron Ware. You despise the man almost from the beginning, and yet to skip a page of "Illumination" would be beyond the power of any serious reader; this in spite of the book's length and its lack of one humorous line or one loveable character. Mr. Frank Harris writes that Mr. Frederic thought the book patchy. It may have seemed so to him, for he wrote it when he could, in long intervals of journalistic work; but although the first hundred pages are, as Mr. Harris says, the most sympathetic, the whole is so admirably sustained and proportioned, the analysis so searching, the picture of the life treated so accurate, and therefore valuable, and the performance generally on so high a mental plane, that the intelligent reader is thankful for every line. Frederic was obliged to leave the United States and come to England for recognition; there he was overshadowed by the Littleists who have created a false standard of excellence. But now that he is dead, it is to be hoped that the country will realise what it has lost, and give him a place among its classics. If he had lived ten years longer there can be no question that he would have had the satisfaction of seeing tardy justice done to his large gifts, his books at the top of all lists of American authors; for his friends feel sure that he would in time have let some of the humour and geniality of his nature into his work. As it is his brief literary career ended in tragedy: one success, and then death. It is some consolation to know that he has left two finished works behind him, and it will be a subject for national triumph if in them he has done himself complete justice.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

AYLWIN.*

IT seems but the other day I was lamenting in THE BOOKMAN that Mr. Watts-Dunton—he then was Mr. Watts—was *homo ne quidem unius libri*, a literary celebrity who had produced not one single book. Since then we have had his grand "Jubilee Greeting at Spithead," his exquisite "Coming of Love," and now this novel; surely the Essays will follow, and the Life of Rossetti, and who can say what besides? But "after this, therefore because of this"; in that old BOOKMAN article I find some matter for self-gratulation.

Novelty and truth are "Aylwin's" chief characteristics, a rare combination nowadays. Our older novelists—those at least still held in remembrance—wrote only of what they knew, or of what they had painfully mastered. Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Jane Austen, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, and George Eliot belong to the foremost rank of these; for types of the second or the third may stand Marryat, Lever, Charles Reade, James Grant, Surtees, Whyte-Melville, and Wilkie Collins. But now we have changed all that; the maximum of achievement seldom rises above school board nescience. With a few exceptions (one could count them on the ten fingers) our present-day novelists seem to write only about things of which they clearly know nothing. One of the most popular lays the scene of a story in Paris: the Seine there is tidal, it rolls a murdered corpse upwards. In another work by her a gambler shoots himself in a cab. "I trust," cries a friend who has heard the shot, "he has missed." "No," says a second friend, "he was a dead shot." Mr. X. writes a realistic novel about betting. It is crammed with weights, acceptances, and all the rest of it; but, alas! on an early page a servant girl wins 12s. 6d. at 7 to 1. Mrs. Y. takes her heroine to a Scottish deer-forest: it is full of primeval oaks. Mrs. Z. sends her hero out deer-stalking. Following a hill-range, he sights a stag upon the opposite height, fires at it, and kills his benefactor, who is strolling below in the glen. And Mr. Ampersand in his masterpiece shows up the littlenesses of the Establishment: his ritualistic church presents the inconceivable conjunction of the Ten Commandments and a gorgeous rood-screen. I have drawn upon memory for these six examples, but subscribers to Mudie's should readily recognise the books I mean; they have sold by thousands on thousands.

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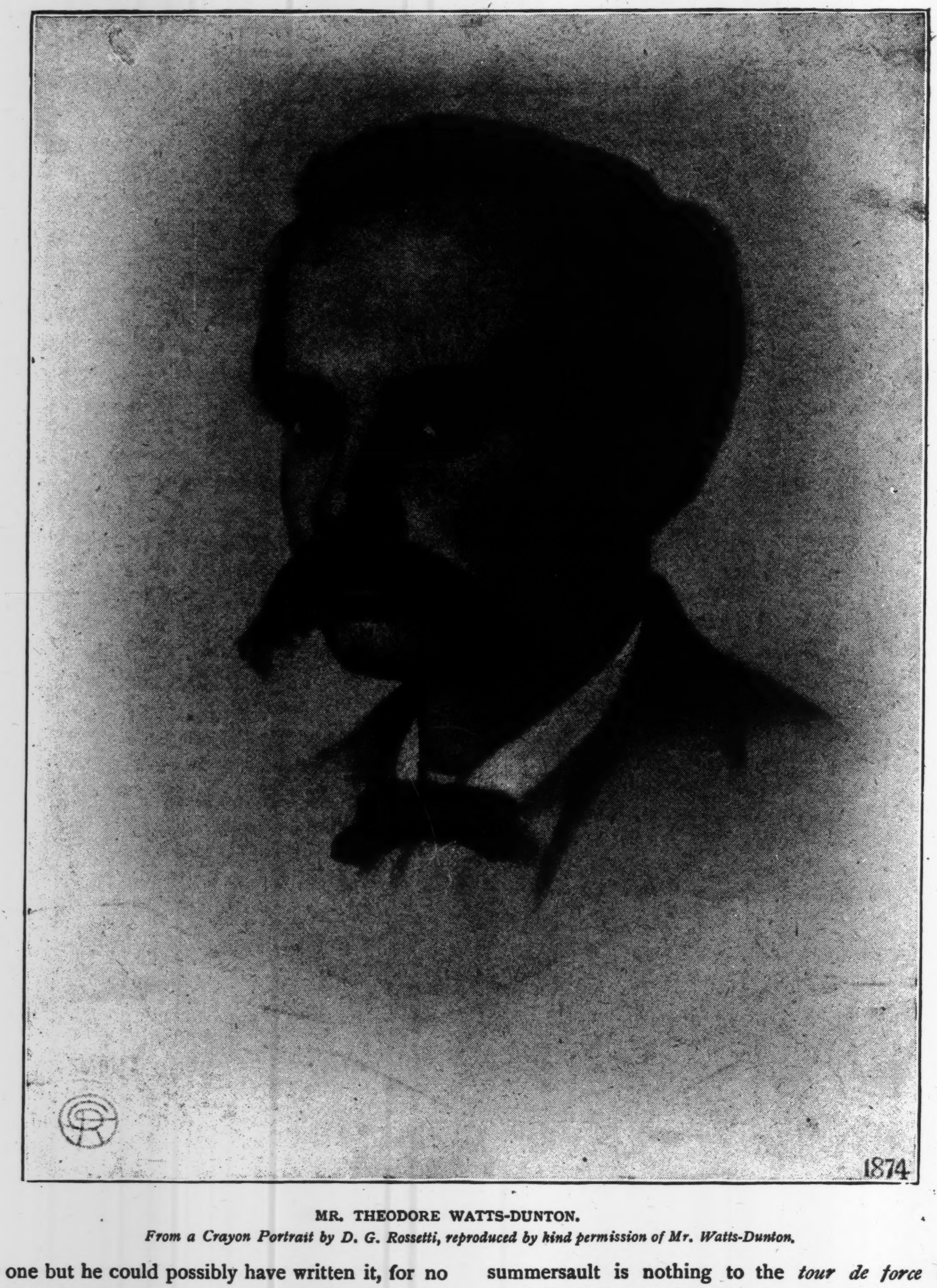
* "Aylwin." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

"Aylwin" is not such as these. There is much in it of the country, of open-air life, of mountain scenery, of artistic fellowship, of Gypsydom; it might be called the novel of the two Bohemias. It is not quite like—in fact it is most unlike—any book that has ever preceded it; from beginning to end it is all Mr. Watts-Dunton's own. No one but he could possibly have written it, for no one else, I believe, has been the close friend of both Borrow and Rossetti. Their influence is everywhere perceptible, yet never so as to mar for an instant the entire originality of "Aylwin"; one might as well complain that there is too much of the Borderland in "Guy Mannering," or of the Queen Anne period in "Esmond." What strikes me most in this novel is its astonishing youthfulness. In Gaboriau's "Monsieur Lecoq," a man, taken up on suspicion by the police, tries to pass for an acrobat, and, to prove his claim, flings a triple summersault; presently one discovers with amazement that he must have been well over sixty. That was a slight slip on Gaboriau's part, but no mistake seems possible here: "Aylwin" bears date 1899, and its author was born at St. Ives in 1832. Yet a triple summersault is nothing to the *tour de force* offered by "Aylwin." If it could have been published anonymously or pseudonymously, and with a different title, it would, I feel sure, have been hailed by our leading critics as the first-fruits of the genius of some new "marvellous boy," this although every page bears marks of the ripest maturity. The explanation of the paradox is partly given in a footnote on p. 363, from which it appears that "the main portion of the present narrative" was written long before 1881. So it



MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.
From a Crayon Portrait by D. G. Rossetti, reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Watts-Dunton.

really is much as though "Maud" had been kept back for years by Tennyson, and had then, recast, been given to the world.

"Aylwin" is a passionate love-story, with a mystical *idee mère*. For the entire dramatic action revolves around a thought that is coming more and more to the front—the difference, namely, between a materialistic and a spiritualistic cosmogony. Its hero, Henry Aylwin, who tells the tale, is the son of the squire of Raxton in East Anglia, one of the "Proud Aylwins," in spite of a Romany strain in their ancestry. His father, Philip Aylwin, is a mystic, the author of "The Veiled Queen"; and he makes his son swear at eighteen to place a Gnostic cross in his coffin, with a parchment scroll invoking a curse on the thief and the thief's children, should anyone dare to violate the tomb. There is a ne'er-do-weel organist, Wynne, with a charming daughter, Winifred, who has known Henry Aylwin from childhood, and has tended him lovingly during a two years' lameness; this Wynne it is who steals the amulet, and then perishes in a landslip of the cliff. So the curse does fall upon Winifred; she wanders, distraught, over Snowdon and through the streets of London; she sits, still distraught, to the great painter, Wilderspin; she is rescued by the greater painter, D'Arcy, and taken to his river-side home, Hurstcote Manor; there her old Gypsy playmate, Sinfi Lovell, accepts the transmission of the curse to herself; and at last Winifred, restored, and sane, and happy, is united on Snowdon to Henry Aylwin, who has ong been fruitlessly seeking her.

Thus crudely put, the plot may sound sensational, melodramatic, but that is where the master's art comes in; this eerie phantasmagoria reads just like sober fact, like what might be, like what must indeed have been. Yes, I can fancy the readers of "Aylwin" saying that D'Arcy of course stands for . . . (the wombat shows that), and Wilderspin will be . . ., and Raxton is plainly . . ., and Sinfi is——I will tell them what Sinfi is. She is a marvellous creation of the best Romany type. There has probably never been quite such a Gypsy girl, and there will surely be none such hereafter, but Mr. Watts-Dunton would have scored a magnificent success had he achieved nothing more than this most splendid figure—supremely clever but utterly illiterate, eloquent but ungrammatical, heroic but altogether womanly. Winifred is good, and so too is Henry Aylwin himself, and so are many of the minor characters (the mother, for instance, the aunt, and Mrs. Gudgeon), but it is as the tragedy of Sinfi's sacrifice that "Aylwin" should take its place in literature. It is written in flawless English, as witness two specimens, picked almost at random:

"We knew Nature in all her moods. In every aspect we found the sea, the wood, and the meadows happy and beautiful—in winter as in summer, in storm as in sunshine. In the foggy days of November, in the sharp winds of March, in the snows and sleet and rain of February, we used to hear other people complain of the bad weather; we used to hear them fret for change. But we despised them for their ignorance where we were so learned. There was no bad weather for us. In March, what so delicious as breasting together the brave wind, and feeling it tingle our cheeks and beat our ears till we laughed at each other with joy? In rain, what so delicious as to stand under a tree or behind a hedge and listen to the drops pattering overhead among the leaves, and see the fields steaming up to meet them? Then again the soft falling of snow upon the lonely fields, while the very sheep looked brown against the whiteness gathering round them. All beautiful to us two, and beloved!"

"Well, I can only give you an idea of Mr. D'Arcy's voice by saying that the most fastidious blackbirds and thrushes that ever lived would have liked it. Indeed, they did seem to like it, as I afterwards thought, when I took walks with him. It was music in every variety of tone; and, besides, it seemed to me that this music was enriched by a tone which I had learnt from your own dear voice as a child, the tone which sorrow can give and nothing else. The listener while he was speaking felt so drawn towards him as to love the man who spoke. When his voice ceased, some part of his attraction ceased. But the moment the voice was again heard the magic of the man returned as strong as ever."

It is not everyone can write like that.

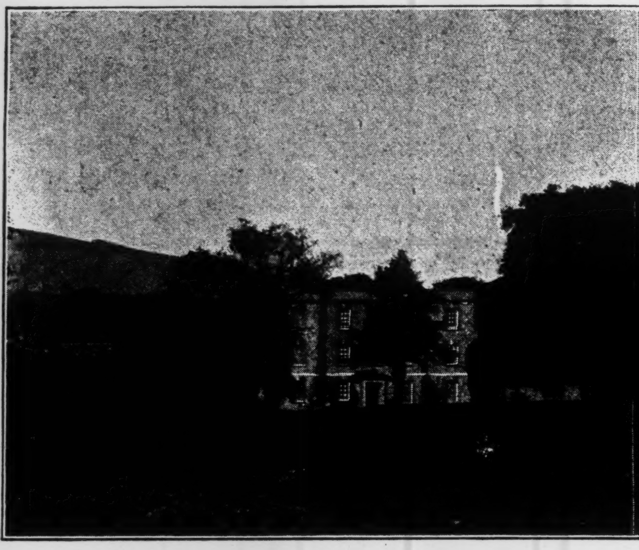
F. H. GROOME.

GIBBON AND BURITON.

With chance appropriateness I lunched at Putney and dined the same evening at Buriton. For Putney was Gibbon's birthplace, on 27th April, 1737; and Buriton Manor House was his home off and on for upwards of twenty years, from 1750 until the autumn of 1772. Buriton, or Beriton (as Gibbon often spells it, and as it is locally pronounced), is a pretty little village of East Hampshire, 2½ miles south of Petersfield. It lies at the northern base of the rounded chalk South Downs; and wooded Head Down, bare thistly War Down, and Butser Hill (888 feet), the highest of the range, can all be scaled from it within the hour. The Portsmouth railway runs past it now; a lime-work uprears an ugly chimney-stalk; and there is a little brick meeting-house with such a wealth of foundation stones, each laid by somebody, as suggests a flock of hens all suffering from calculus. But the hills are the same as when Gibbon saw them, and the woods, and the hop-gardens, and the sheep-washing pool below the church. That ivied church has been of course restored, but retains its fine Norman piers and Norman font; and just north of the church is the Manor House, a square three-storied Georgian mansion of grey flint, with red and white dressings, and with a low west wing, and, to the north, a good old pigeon-house. It has a fine mahogany staircase; and an attic, absolutely empty, at the north-east angle bears the name "Gibbon's Room."

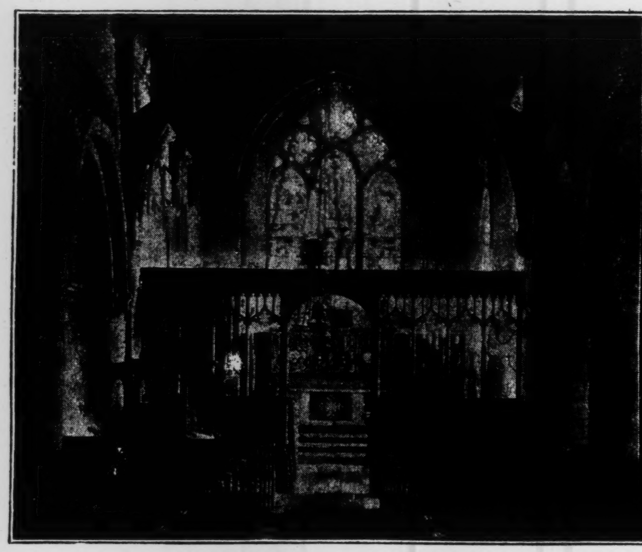
The accompanying pictures—six out of many photographs of my sister's taking—will tell more than any mere words of mine could tell, and will serve to illustrate Gibbon's own words, extracted from the six fragments of Autobiography, which Mr. John Murray edited last year:—

"My father's residence in Hampshire, where I have passed many light and some heavy hours, was at Beriton, near Petersfield, one mile from the Portsmouth road, and at the easy distance of fifty-eight miles from London. An old mansion, in a state of decay, had been converted into the fashion and convenience of a modern house, of which I occupied the most agreable apartment; and if strangers



BURITON HOUSE.

BURITON CHURCH.



INTERIOR OF BURITON CHURCH.

BURITON MANOR HOUSE, EAST ASPECT.

had nothing to see, the inhabitants had little to desire. The spot was not happily chosen, at the end of the village and the bottom of the hill: but the aspect of the adjacent grounds was various and chearful; the downs commanded the prospect of the sea, and the long hanging woods in sight of the house could not perhaps have been improved by art or expence. My father kept in his own hands the whole of his estate, and even rented some additional land; and whatsoever might be the balance of profit and loss, the farm supplied him with amusement and plenty. With the produce he maintained a number of men and horses, which were multiplied by the intermixture of domestic and rural servants; and in the intervals of labour, the favourite team, an handsome set of bays or greys, was harnessed to the coach. The œconomy of the house was regulated by the taste and prudence of Mrs. Gibbon [his step mother]; she prided herself in the elegance of her occasional dinners; and from the uncleanly avarice of Madame Pavilliard I was suddenly transported to the daily neatness and luxury of an English table. Our immediate neighbourhood was rare and rustic; but from the verge of our hills, as far as Chichester and Goodwood, the western district of Sussex was interspersed with noble seats and hospitable families, with whom we cultivated a friendly, and might have enjoyed a very frequent, intercourse. As my stay at Beriton was always voluntary, I was received and dismissed with smiles; but the comforts of my retirement did not depend on the ordinary pleasures of the Country. The science of farming could never be adapted to my understanding; and, in the command of an ample manor, I valued the supply of the table rather than the exercise of the field. I never handled a gun, I seldom mounted an horse; and my philosophic walks were soon terminated by a shady bench, where I was long detained by the sedentary amusement of reading or meditation. When my father galloped away on a fleet hunter to meet the Duke of Richmond's foxhounds, I saw him depart without the wish or idea of following his footsteps. Yet I was sometimes obliged to accompany him to the provincial assemblies of races, assizes, and balls. . . .

"At home I occupied a pleasant and spacious apartment;

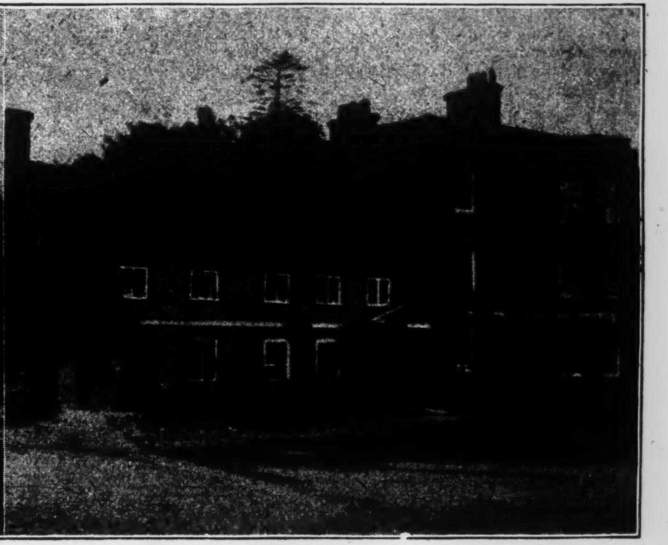
the library on the same floor was soon considered as my peculiar domain, and I might say with truth that I was never less alone than when by myself. My sole complaint, which I piously suppressed, arose from the kind restraint imposed on the freedom of my time. By the habit of early rising I always secured a sacred portion of the day, and many precious moments were stolen and saved by my rational avarice. But the family hours of breakfast, of dinner, of tea, and of supper were regular and tedious: after breakfast Mrs. Gibbon expected my company in her dressing-room; after tea my father claimed my conversation and the perusal of the Newspapers; and in the heat of some interesting pursuit I was often called down to receive the visit of our idle neighbours. Their dinners and visits required, in due season, a similar return; and I dreaded the period of the full moon, which was usually reserved for our more distant excursions. . . .

"After my library, I must not forget an occasional place of weekly study, the parish Church, which I frequented commonly twice every Sunday, in conformity with the pious or decent custom of the family. I deposited in our pew the octavo Volumes of Grabe's Septuagint, and a Greek Testament of a convenient edition; and in the lessons, Gospels, and Epistles of the morning and evening service I accompanied the reader in the original text, or the most ancient version of the Bible. Nor was the use of this study confined to words alone; during the psalms, at least, and the sermon I revolved the sense of the chapters which I had read and heard; and the doubts, alas! or objections that invincibly rushed on my mind were almost always multiplied by the learned expositors whom I consulted on my return home."

There are other short passages, scattered through the Autobiography and the Letters, which tell how Gibbon's father retired to Buriton on the death of his first wife, how he died and was buried there (his grave to-day is forgotten), how the boy Gibbon began there in 1752, but never finished, his "Age of Sesostris," how there in four successive summers he received visits from his Swiss friend George Deyverdun, and so on. But these do not amount to much; the three passages cited above give almost all that is known of the historian's connection with Buriton.

F. H. G.

CHURCH AT BURITON, WITH SHEEP-WASHING POOL.



BURITON MANOR HOUSE, SOUTH ASPECT.

CAN MR. ALFRED SUTRO TRANSLATE MAETERLINCK?*

MR. SUTRO'S translation of Maeterlinck's new volume is an almost incredibly careless piece of work. Since "Le Trésor des Humbles" appeared in English he has been generally accepted as the interpreter of Maeterlinck in this country, and as each new book by the great Belgian writer appeals to an ever-widening circle of English admirers, it is worth while to compare Mr. Sutro's version of "La Sagesse et la Destinée" with the original French, and to see how far he deserves to be reckoned as a conscientious translator.

Suspicion is at once aroused by his treatment of the dedication. We place the French and English in paralle columns.

M. Maeterlinck.	*Mr. Sutro.*
A Madame Georgette Leblanc. Je vous dédie ce livre, qui est pour ainsi dire votre œuvre. Il y a une collaboration plus haute et plus réelle que celle de la plume; c'est celle de la pensée et de l'exemple. Il ne m'a pas fallu péniblement imaginer les résolutions et les actions d'un sage idéal, ou tirer de mon cœur la morale d'un beau rêve forcément un peu vague. Il a suffi que j'écoutasse vos paroles. Il a suffi que mes yeux vous suivissent attentivement dans la vie; ils y suivaient ainsi les mouvements, les gestes, les habitudes de la sagesse même. MAETERLINCK.	To Georgette Leblanc I offer this book, wherein her thought blends with mine.

There is no need to fill space by translating these very simple sentences; but we have a right to ask why Mr. Sutro has omitted them. For some reason or other, as we shall see presently, he has thought himself justified in making many omissions from the text, and he ought certainly to have warned his readers that he was doing so. Sometimes it would seem that he has left out phrases or sentences because they were too difficult or too intricate to be translated at first sight; the whole book bears marks of extraordinary haste, and Mr. Sutro is often content to look a difficulty in the face and pass on. More frequently his omissions cannot be explained on the score of difficulty; sheer carelessness is the cause of them; the phrase or sentence has not caught his eye. On pages 2 and 3 there is a curious specimen of his habit of running one sentence into another, and leaving out whatever is inconvenient.

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* "La Sagesse et la Destinée." Maurice Maeterlinck. (Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier.)

"Wisdom and Destiny." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (George Allen.)

M. Maeterlinck.	*Mr. Sutro.*
Seulement, un monde où il n'y aurait plus, à un moment donné, que les gens se secourant les uns les autres ne persisterait pas longtemps dans cette œuvre charitable si personne n' usurpait le loisir nécessaire pour se préoccuper d'autre chose. C'est grâce à quelques hommes qui paraissent inutiles qu'il y aura toujours un certain nombre d'hommes incontestablement utiles. La meilleure partie du bien qu'on fait autour de nous, à cette heure, est née d'abord dans l'esprit de l'un de ceux qui négligèrent peut-être plus d'un devoir immédiat et urgent pour réfléchir, pour rentrer en eux-mêmes, pour parler.	But yet, were the world at a given moment to contain only persons thus actively engaged in helping each other, and none venturesome enough to dare snatch leisure for research in other directions, then could this charitable labour not long endure; for all that is best in the good that at this day is being done round about us was conceived in the spirit of one of those who neglected, it may be, many an urgent, immediate duty in order to think, to commune with themselves, in order to speak.

It will be observed that the second sentence, "It is owing to the fact that there are some men who appear useless that there will always be a certain number of men who are indisputably useful," is omitted altogether, while the first sentence and the third are run together. "Conceived in the spirit" is ambiguous; "originated in the mind" would be better. A few lines further on we find that the words "L'âme humblement honnête qu'il faut s'efforcer d'être" are briefly translated, "The soul that is meekly honest," the clause—"which we must try to possess" being omitted. No one asks for a literal rendering of every verb and adverb into the corresponding English equivalent; if Mr. Sutro had written "the humble and honest soul which we must strive to have as our own," he would have reproduced the author's idea.

Compare, too, this sentence on page 7 with the original:

M. Maeterlinck.	*Mr. Sutro.*
L'humanité a été jusqu' ici comme une malade qui se tourne et se retourne sur son lit pour trouver le repos, mais cela n'empêche pas que les seules paroles véritablement consolantes qui lui aient été dites, l'ont été par ceux qui lui parlaient comme si elle n'eût jamais été malade.	Humanity up to this day has been like an invalid tossing and turning on his couch in search of repose; but therefore, none the less, have words of true consolation come only from those who spoke as though man were freed from all pain.

The last clause ought undoubtedly to read "As if man had never known sickness"—a very different meaning. Why has the word "therefore" intruded itself into this sentence?

Here is another curious sentence on page 9:

M. Maeterlinck.	*Mr. Sutro.*
Ce qu'il faut, avant tout, c'est préparer à la surface de notre âme une certaine hauteur pour y recevoir cette idée, comme les prêtres d'anciennes religions dénudaient et débarrassaient de ses épines et de ses ronces le sommet d'une montagne pour y recevoir le feu du ciel.	It behoves us, the first thing of all, to prepare in our soul a place of some loftiness, where this idea may be lodged; as the priests of ancient religions laid the mountain peak bare, and cleared it of thorn and of root for the fire that descends from heaven.

"The first thing of all" is a singularly clumsy rendering of "avant tout"; "a place of some loftiness" would be more simply translated "a high place"; and it should not be necessary to point out to Mr. Sutro that "ronces" is not "root," but "briars."

In chapter 3 there are several omissions. "L'aspect dominateur et passionnant" is translated "the semblance." This sentence is left out, apparently for no reason whatever:—"Nous ne saurions lui prêter trop d'ampleur, trop de beauté, ni trop de majesté."

Mr. Sutro has a firm conviction that small words do not matter, especially if they happen to be pronouns or adjectives. Here is one example out of many:—

M. Maeterlinck.	*Mr. Sutro.*
Il en est ainsi de tous ceux qui n'ont pas appris à séparer leur destinée extérieure de leur destinée morale.	Thus it is with all those who have not yet learned to distinguish between exterior and moral destiny.

Surely the author is thinking of persons who cannot distinguish between *their own* outward and moral destiny. The two sentences which follow this are worth quoting, for they give a fair idea of the liberties which Mr. Sutro permits himself:—

M. Maeterlinck.	*Mr. Sutro.*
Ils sont semblables au petit ruisseau aveugle que je contemplais un matin du haut d'une colline. Tâtonnant, se débattant, trébuchant et chancelant sans cesse, au fond d'une vallée obscure, il cherchait sa route vers le grand lac qui dormait de l'autre côté de la forêt, dans la paix de l'aurore.	They are like a little bewildered stream that I chanced to spy one evening as I stood on the hill-side. I beheld it far down in the valley, staggering, struggling, climbing, falling, blindly groping its way to the great lake that slumbered, the other side of the forest, in the peace of the dawn.

Epithets like "aveugle" are precisely those which we expect to find translated literally. If Maeterlinck had wished to say "bewildered" rather than "blind," no doubt he would have found the right adjective. "Matin" is not "evening" but "morning." "Que je contemplais un matin du haut d'une colline," should be "which I watched one morning from the top of a hill." "Tâtonnant" is "groping"; "trébuchant," "tripping." "Staggering" is an odd word to apply to a little stream. The "derangement of epithets" here and throughout the volume is very noticeable.

On p. 27 the expression "Il peut s'étendre," "it may extend," is translated "It does indeed extend." "Vivifiant" (p. 28) is not "quick with life" but "life-giving." On p. 30 there is a sentence omitted—"La destinée véritable est une destinée intime." "Aucune occasion héroique ne s'est jamais offerte" (p. 31), should not be "deeds of heroism are but offered to those," etc., but "no opportunity of heroism was ever offered," etc.

On the same page there is another mistranslation: "village" is given for "vallée." "Aimez et la grappe d'aventures frissonnera d'amour" is not correctly rendered, "Adventures will flock to you, throbbing with love." It should be "Love, and the whole bunch (or cluster) of adventures will quiver with love."

On page 33 an important and beautiful sentence is excluded:—

"La mort même, que l'on croit invariable, a d'autres habitudes, d'autres gestes, d'autres larmes dans la maison des bons que dans celle des méchants." "Death itself, which we think unchangeable, has other ways, other gestures, other tears in the house of the good than in that of the wicked."

On p. 39 Mr. Sutro omits from the last sentence of chapter 14 the words "au moment solennel," which are essential to the meaning.

Take another sentence on p. 52.

M. Maeterlinck.	*Mr. Sutro.*
Jamais, semble t'il, la fatalité ne voulait plus implacablement le malheur d'un pauvre homme.	Never, it would seem, did relentless fatality clamour so loudly for the destruction of an unfortunate man.

To "will inexorably" is a different idea altogether from "clamouring loudly."

Writing of Paulus Æmilius, Maeterlinck says:—"Rome, effrayée, attend, retentissante encore de la marche du triomphe." Plainly, the meaning is "Rome, which still re-echoed his triumphal march," or "whose streets were still resounding from his triumphal march," but Mr. Sutro gives us "Rome, still aglow with his triumph." There is no suggestion of "glow" in the word "retentir." It is unfair to change an author's metaphor without some very good reason.

On page 126 there is another of these apparently purposeless omissions which destroy the meaning:—

M. Maeterlinck.	*Mr. Sutro.*
Mais vous oubliez que la mort n'est jamais heureux au yeux de ceux que ne meurent pas encore.	You forget, moreover, that death can never be happy.

Is not the meaning "You forget that death can never seem a happy thing to those who are not yet to die"?

Here is a passage which has a vague suggestion of M. de Rougemont: "The lips of the Angel of Happiness are ealed,s ave when she tells of the savage's joys." Compare this with the original: "L'ange du bonheur n'ouvre la bouche que lorsqu'il peut parler d'un bonheur que le sauvage est à même de comprendre"—"which even the savage can understand."

Perhaps the most interesting chapters of the book are those which refer to Emily Brontë. Mr. Sutro has devoted special care to this section, but even here words and phrases are allowed to slip out, and the wrong words are frequently chosen. The home of the Brontës—referred to by Maeterlinck as "le presbytère" or "la maison du pasteur," becomes in the translation "the rectory," "the vicarage," and "the parsonage." The last word only can be correctly used. Mr. Brontë was not a rector or vicar, but perpetual curate of Haworth, and Mrs. Gaskell refers to his house as Haworth Parsonage.

I had marked a great many other passages for comment, but this article is already too long. There is throughout a want of precision in the rendering of words. "S'épanouir" is translated "uplifting" instead of "unfolding" or "opening out"; "brisé" is in different places translated "blunted," "brandish" and "broken"; "poids" "strength," instead of "weight." "Un fleuve, une rivière souterraine, un torrent"—"A torrent, a river that flows underground, a whirlpool."

It is fair to acknowledge that the book is rather long (313 pages), that it contains some difficult and troublesome passages, and that in many places Mr. Sutro's phrasing is exceedingly happy. But his work, taken as a whole, deserves the censure which M. Maeterlinck passed upon Surius, the Carthusian monk who translated Ruysbroeck. It is as compared with the original, "Allongée et affaiblie, semblable à quelque image lointaine à travers des vitres impures. Là, où l'auteur emploie un mot, il en met habituellement deux ou trois, et ensuite, inapaisé, paraphrase encore bien souvent ce qu'il a déjà traduit."[*] Worse than anything are the omissions, with regard to which Mr. Sutro owes an explanation to the public. An insignificant but tiresome habit is the constant use of the expression "the sage" instead of "the wise man," as if Maeterlinck had peopled his world with sages of Chelsea and sages of Queen Anne's Gate.

JANE T. STODDART.

THACKERAY AND "PUNCH."[†]

OF all the volumes in this "Biographical Edition" of Thackeray's works, "Contributions to 'Punch,' etc," in its new form differs most from that which was published under the same title in 1886. The wonder is that the changes have not been greater and the additions infinitely more numerous, for the opportunity for novelty was a striking one, and the sacrifice of it is accordingly inexplicable. This is a point on which a good deal might be said, and we propose to return to it a little later on.

The "biographical introduction"—admittedly intended as *mémoires pour servir* for *the* biographer of Thackeray who, in due course, is to take pen in hand to give the world that for which it has been waiting for five-and-thirty years—is nominally the chief attraction of the volume. But we must confess to finding it a disappointment. It is, of course, delightfully discursive, instinct with that charm which is characteristic of Mrs. Ritchie's literary manner—tender, unaffected, and delicately humorous, and all the while feminine and transparently candid. It tells some pretty anecdotes, and quotes some pretty letters, and introduces some funny sketches, which, by the way, appear to have little claim to inclusion in this particular volume. But what we had a right to expect we are not vouchsafed—a complete biographical statement, as loose as you please, of Thackeray's connection with *Punch*. Inasmuch as to that paper Thackeray owed, or believed he owed, his real introduction to literary success, and as the position he took upon its editorial staff was a matter of vast importance to him during ten years of his career, and as, moreover, he reeled out for it an enormous amount of copy—alike when in the vein and "when fit to hang myself!"—we were entitled to expect a fairly accurate statement of all the circumstances of his joining the paper, of his working for it, and of his bringing the connection to a close. Instead of this, we have an error in the facts of his first appearance in the paper, and no date; an extremely desultory and vague account (if such it can be called) of his *Punch* career, and an incomplete statement of the cause of his departure. It is pleasant reading enough, and the rapid glimpse given us of the author busy at his *Punch* work is valuable in its way; but the biographer of the future will find little to help him in what is one of the most important, and in some respects the most entertaining, episodes of Thackeray's literary career and literary friendships. He will have to ascertain from other sources how Thackeray was the aristocrat of the party, how his colleagues suspected him of holding his head a little too high for them, for all his Snob papers and his "Mr. Jenkins of the *Morning Post*," and how among them all he really loved but one of them—John Leech, who declared—truly, as it unhappily turned out—that Thackeray's sudden death on that sad Christmas Eve was the knell of his own. There are one or two interesting points, such as the statement that Thackeray wished to wind up the series of his "Prize Novelists" with parodies of Dickens and himself, but that the proprietors vetoed the plan. But besides this there is not very much to the point, while the slips are several. Mrs. Ritchie welds on to Thackeray's tribute to "*Punch's* morality" the epigram which was only composed and spoken by the Rev. de Kewer Williams in 1891: "It is so easy to be witty and wicked, and so hard to be wicked and wise." She is wrong in one or two of her dates, and, as we have said, fails to give the business side of Thackeray's statement as to the cause of his resignation. And while mentioning Dr. John Brown as he who started the subscription of Thackeray's Edinburgh admirers, she does not mention that among them were Lord Jeffrey and Sir William Hamilton. She might also have added that this little statuette (which, by the way, was found in a jeweller's shop ready-made) is inscribed—

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[*] Drawn out and weakened, like some distant image seen through sullied panes. Where the author uses one word, he usually puts two or three, and afterwards, still dissatisfied, he very often paraphrases what he has already translated.

[†] "Contributions to 'Punch,' etc." By William Makepeace Thackeray. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

Gulielmo Makepeace Thackeray
Arma virumque
Grati nec non Gratæ Edinensis
ixxx
D. D. D.

The pieces here reprinted which did not form part of the contents of the earlier issue are (1) "The History of the Next French Revolution," (2) "The Book of Snobs," (3) "Novels by Eminent Hands" (*i e.*, "Punch's Prize Novels"), (4) "Little Travels and Road-side Sketches" (which appeared not in *Punch* but in *Fraser*), (5) "Sketches and Travels in London," and (6) "A Little Dinner at Timmins's." There has been a re-arrangement of the "Proser Papers"; those "Snob Papers" which Thackeray afterwards declared himself ashamed of have been cut out, as well as "A Plea for Plush"—which has lately been proved to be by "Jacob Omnium." But the long comic ballad, always held to be one of the "popular" sets of verses in the book, "The Flying Duke," is included here; yet it has been known for some while past to be not by Thackeray, but by Percival Leigh—"The Professor" of the *Punch* staff, and a writer whose brilliant execution and delightful fancy and imagination have never been sufficiently known or properly appreciated.

At the beginning of this review we expressed our surprise that numerous additions to the text had not been made. It was not, of course, to be expected that a wholesale resurrection of Thackeray's minor forgotten contributions to *Punch* should be indulged in; but among the vast number of pieces in which he proved his ability as a writer not upon social topics alone, but upon political affairs, alike in prose and verse, are many which for spirit, humour, interest, and style equal to the best of those which appear in this volume. Why have these not been collected, or, at the least, selected? It is an open secret that a discovery of many interesting items has been made—items which have escaped such bibliographers as Richard Herne Shepherd and Mr. John P. Anderson, of the British Museum, to say nothing of the managers of *Punch* themselves. Had advantage been taken of this literary jetsam a new interest of a very real and popular kind would have ensured for the volume a recognition far beyond what this book—comprehensive, well-printed, and cheap though it is—has the likelihood, in the ordinary way, of securing.

Some effort, too, it seems to us, might have been made to preserve some of the scores, perhaps hundreds, of drawings which Thackeray made for *Punch*. There is but a meagre show in the book, and these, artistically considered, not at all the best. The editor has been led rather by considerations of size than of quality. Yet Thackeray, incompletely equipped as an artist as he is, was often at his best in his little blocks, of which not a few are entirely exquisite in design and draughtsmanship, as well as being charmingly cut by Swain. Instead, we have a series of what the publishers unkindly call "Caricatures," notwithstanding the majority of them, though humorous in intention, were as well drawn as Thackeray knew how. In short, the book is a disappointment and a delight; it is "dear old Thack," yet only a part of him, and that part not entirely the best that might have been presented. We have here at once an opportunity seized and lost—almost the only volume of the whole series which, from its nature, permitted the editor without desecration to handle the materials at her disposal and to re-instate lost pieces at discretion.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The visit of the German Emperor to Constantinople and Palestine has found holiday employment for two of the Soudan "specials." Mr. Charles Williams, of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Mr. W. Maxwell, of the *Standard*, are now in Jerusalem awaiting the arrival of His Majesty. Mr. Hands, who was the *Daily Mail* special in the Cuban war, has gone to Constantinople. Mr. Bennet Burleigh is in Crete for the *Daily Telegraph*.

The *Cambridge Gazette* made its first appearance on Saturday, October 15th. It is an eight-page halfpenny evening paper. The editor is Mr. J. Smart, late of the *Cambridge Daily News*. Mr. Ross, late of the *Cambridge Daily News*, is sub-editor, and Mr. Slater also leaves the *Daily News* for the *Gazette*. Mr. W. J. Wiles, who served articles on the *Cambridge Chronicle*, and a few months ago left for the Cheltenham evening paper, has returned to Cambridge as reporter for the *Gazette*.

Mr. Francis J. Rose, formerly of Reading, has joined the staff of the *Midland Free Press*, Leicester.

The death has recently occurred of Mr. R. R. Dinnis at Leeds. Mr. Dinnis was last engaged at Derby, and was well known in the north from his long connection with the Manchester press.

At the Leeds Musical Festival the *Times* was represented by Mr. Fuller Maitland; the *Athenæum*, by Mr. J. S. Shadlock; the *Daily Chronicle*, by Mr. John Northcott; the *Standard*, by Mr. H. F. Frost; the *World*, by Mr. A. Kalish; the *Scotsman*, by Mr. Geoghegan; the *Glasgow Herald*, by Mr. Davidson; the Press Association, by Mr. Sydney Pardon; and the *Eastern Morning News*, by Dr. G. H. Smith, of Hull.

Mr. W. G. Burcombe, Lincoln representative of the *Stamford Mercury*, has been presented with a silver medal with gold centre for bravery in attempting to save two Nottingham excursionists from drowning at Mablethorpe.

Mr. F. G. Anderson, of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, has received an appointment on the sub-editorial staff of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. The vacancy was caused by the resignation, through reasons of health, of Mr. W. Carson, who has accepted the editorship of a Coventry paper.

The *Mansfield Chronicle*, started several years ago as a four-page halfpenny weekly newspaper, has recently been increased in size and price, being now published as an eight-page penny sheet.

The *Nottingham City News* (weekly), formerly issued from offices in Parliament Street, is now located in new and convenient premises in Carrington Street.

Mr. Frank Butcher, of the *East Anglian Daily Times*, has joined the literary staff of the National Press Agency in succession to Mr. J. A. H. Bolton, who is leaving to edit one of Messrs. Harmsworth's publications.

The late Mr. J. J. Colman had a proprietorial interest in the *Star* Newspaper Company, the National Press Agency, the *East Anglian Daily Times*, Ipswich, and the *Eastern Daily Press*, Norwich. He has left legacies to certain members of the staffs of the above to whom he was best known personally, or who have been longest in the service of the respective concerns.

Mr. J. H. Leigh, of the *Ipswich Journal*, has joined the staff of the *Western Chronicle*, Yeovil.

Although Mr. David Christie Murray has been spoken of as the editor of the *London Morning*, it is understood that his work for this newspaper is practically confined to writing the front page article. Mr. Christie Murray has the distinction of being the only editor in London whose portrait adorns the hoardings of the Metropolis.

Mr. W. E. Adams, of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, better known as "Uncle Toby of the Dicky Bird Society," is spending the winter abroad on the advice of his doctor. In recent years he has been subjected to bad attacks of bronchitis in the winter months. His editorial duties have been undertaken, in his absence, by his son and assistant, Mr. Ernest W. Adams.

Mr. Charles Williams is acting as the special correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* in connection with the Kaiser's visit to the East. Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes is sending home most interesting accounts of the Kaiser's tour to the *Morning Leader*.

On the occasion of the terrible railway disaster near Grimsby, the *Eastern Daily Telegraph*, which is the only evening paper published in that town, came out with a special edition at 5.30 in the morning. It is not often that an evening paper is published at such an early hour.

Mr. J. Keighley Snowden, whose new novel, "The Plunder Pit," is just out, is still actively engaged in daily journalism on the editorial staff of the *Yorkshire Post*. When his first book, "Tales from the Yorkshire Wolds," was published, he was a reporter on the *Birmingham Daily Post*, and, though he had never been a compositor, set up the work himself in the printing office of a friend. A second edition was printed at the Chiswick Press.

Mr. Geo. Cotterell, who lately resigned the editorship of the *Yorkshire Herald*, York, after ten years' tenure of office, died suddenly on Tuesday, October 11th, in London. Mr. Cotterell was formerly in the legal profession.

Mr. J. Herbert Duckworth (son of Mr. J. C. Duckworth) has left the staff of the Exchange Telegraph Company to take a position on the *Morning Leader* and the *Star* as artist-reporter.

Mr. Ernest Parke, the editor of the *Morning Leader* and *Star*, is gradually making those two journals pictorial. For some time now the pages have been brightened by clever drawings, the chief artist being Mr. Hartley.

Mr. Howard Hensman, the son of the well-known war correspondent of the same name, who has been for some time connected with the *West Ham Guardian*, has severed his engagement with that journal, and has joined the staff of *Rhodesia*.

After filling the position for seventeen years, Mr. James W. Nias has just resigned the editorship of the *Brighton Herald*, having been appointed a Registrar of Births and Deaths for Brighton. Mr. Nias was one of the founders of the Sussex District of the Institute of Journalists, and its first chairman. Mr. W. H. Attwick, who has had a lengthy connection with the *Brighton Herald*, becomes the new editor.

The *Church in the West*, which is owned, edited, and managed by Mr. F. E. Sach, of Plymouth, will shortly appear in newspaper form, and reduced in price to a halfpenny. Localised editions are to be published for each of the four western dioceses.

The latest enterprise on the part of the London papers seems to be ballooning. The *Evening News* announces a balloon trip to Paris as soon as the wind becomes favourable. The *Times* and the *Daily Chronicle* have arranged for a joint balloon flight to Paris, and Mr. Knight for the former paper, and Mr. Swinburne for the latter are commissioned to write their experiences. It was Mr. Swinburne who wrote the clever description of a trip by balloon for the *Daily Chronicle* the other week.

Golfing seems now to be the favourite relief from the sedentary occupation of London sub-editors. Several members of the staff of the *Daily News*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and one of the sporting agencies have recently joined the North Surrey Golf Club, and in their spare time they may be seen on the links learning the arts and mysteries of the game.

Mr. F. C. Barley has been appointed editor of the *St. James's Budget*.

Mr. F. Willows, of the *Lincoln Leader*, has joined the staff of the *Burton Daily Mail*. He has resigned his post on the *Burton Daily Mail* and has secured an appointment on the staff of an evening paper in Madras.

Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, it is announced, will retire at the end of this year from the active editorship of the *Birmingham Daily Post*. He will continue to write for the paper and to advise as to its editorial management.

The *Sun*, under the reconstructed company, will have two editors, Mr. Arthur Brasher and Mr. Sidney Lamert. Mr. Brasher, who for nearly two years has written the column "The Passing Hour" in the *Sun*, over the signature "A. B.," was, before going up to London, the "Echoist" of the *Yorkshire Evening Post* at Leeds.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Tom Paterson, sub-editor, Glasgow *Evening Citizen*, has been appointed chief sub-editor of the Machester *Evening Chronicle*. Mr. Angus Macleod, of the reporting staff of the *Evening Citizen*, is to succeed Mr. Paterson in the sub-editing department.

By the tragic death of Mr. Quarterman (formerly of Wolverhampton) a vacancy was created last month in the sub-editorial staff of the *Daily Record*, Glasgow.

Mr. W. C. Lesh has been appointed a junior reporter in connection with the *Scotsman* and *Edinburgh Evening Despatch*. Mr. J. E. Stewart takes the place in the Court of Session staff of the *Scotsman* held by Mr. Jas. N. Fisher, who died in June last.

WALES.

Mr. J. B. Yates, of the *Cambria Daily Leader*, Swansea, has been appointed on the editorial staff of the *South Wales Daily News*, Cardiff.

Mr. W. Holt-White has severed his connection with the *Western Mail*, Cardiff.

NEW BOOKS.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY'S SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

Professor Saintsbury, if not actually the creator, is a past-master of the Short History; and what he has done with admitted success for another literature, it was hardly likely that either public or publishers would permit him to leave undone for his own. Let it be said at once that he has produced a book which accomplishes something for English literary history not altogether achieved, nor indeed precisely attempted, before on the same scale and over so wide a range. Large tracts of the subject he had no doubt himself already handled: Elizabethan and Nineteenth Century Literature, the Middle English Romances, Dryden and other single lives. The student of these books will take up this Short History with tolerably well-defined expectations. He will look for certain peculiarities of method and foibles of manner, and will not fail to find them. The winds of conflict still at times blow aside the mantle of the literary historian, and expose the flashing armour of the militant reviewer; ignorant inquirers about a work A are still often put off with the information that it is good, or better than a work B, notwithstanding a too frequent opinion that it is bad or worse than a work C; the page is still continually adorned with notice-boards giving warning that certain topics often found in literary histories are trespassers there and will find no quarter; and a peculiarly aggressive bitterness is still reserved for the great aggressors of literature—the iconoclasts who had the bad taste to make poetry the instrument of their iconoclasm. But with all this, there are still all the old atoning and more than atoning merits: immense reading, a quick vitalising touch, complete indifference to conventions, an unfailing freshness and individuality of criticism which makes the book, for the knowing and the unknowing alike, highly stimulating, and, *qua* literary history, very real.

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* "A Short History of English Literature." By George Saintsbury. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The reader of Mr. Saintsbury's previous work will turn with special curiosity to see what he has made of the "origins",—the "Preliminaries of English Literature," as he calls the Anglo-Saxon period. His First Book is an excellent review of the extant monuments of Anglo-Saxon literature, recording with admirable point and precision the impression which each in turn has made upon a critic of fine and catholic sensibility, trained in another school. It is in so far comparable in kind—Mr. Saintsbury will not resent the comparison—with Hazlitt's lectures on the Elizabethan dramatists; though their discovery naturally struck out in Hazlitt critical raptures far unlike the sober joys which "The Ruin" and parts of "Beowulf" evoke in Mr. Saintsbury. But in the one work as in the other the appreciation is a little hard and external; it has not the intimacy which comes of habitual converse and many-sided approach. If the students of Edinburgh have heard him lecture upon "Beowulf," they have certainly enjoyed no small privilege; but we question whether they were ever tempted, as was said of their *commilitonen* at Strassburg under Ten Brink, to imagine that some old Germanic bard in person was thrilling them with the tale of the hall-joys of Heorot or the wrath of Grendel. The comparison with Ten Brink's own First Book is inevitable, but perhaps scarcely just if we have regard to the divergent conceptions of literary history on which it is founded. Still, for better or worse, it is as well to make clear that where Ten Brink gave a sketch, as full and as penetrating as our knowledge then permitted, of the upgrowing of literature in the various provinces of the English-speaking folk, Mr. Saintsbury has in the main simply assessed the product, as an item in the later developments which more seriously interest him—somewhat in the manner of a steward counting up the rent which each tenant contributes to the estate, but not greatly concerned whether the rent is the produce of corn or cabbages, so long as it is paid. The opening sentences of the two books mark pretty incisively their different points of view. "A long interval had passed since the first settlement of English tribes upon British soil before English literature began to unfold." So Ten Brink. "The oldest document which has a possibly authentic claim to be English literature, if but English literature in the making and far off completion, is . . . *Widsith*." So Mr. Saintsbury.

The early Middle English period, here called specifically "The Making of English Literature," seems to promise less to the severely literary historian. But Mr. Saintsbury has given a real freshness and zest to his treatment of it by grouping it about the history of the development of verse. "Metrik" is a valuable meeting-ground for the literary and the philological historian, where neither can dispense with the other's aid. Mr. Saintsbury's theories on metre are of value, as they could not fail to be; but they are advanced with too lofty a contempt for historical phonetics, and one listens with scepticism to a theorist who appeals for judgment upon an ancient metre to the ear of "every intelligent reader," and warns off a Ten Brink as "a foreigner" from the discussion of "a prosody not his own." In dealing with early English verse we are all foreigners; and if anyone is more a foreigner than the rest, it is the modern Englishman who approaches it armed with a serene confidence in the immediate inspiration of his ear instead of with the tools of science. Mr. Saintsbury dwells, with justice, upon the value for English verse of the principle of "syllabic equivalence," or "the possibility of substituting everywhere with due precautions, dactyl or tribrach or anapaest for iamb or trochee." But his gratitude for this "blessed result" leads him to hail every apparent premonition of it rather too hastily as a sign of technical advance; and altogether to conceive the early history of English metres as a much simpler and more continuous process than it really was. Throughout the mediæval division of the work he takes far too little account of the provincial distribution of literary groups which modern scholarship has worked out with so much fine discrimination; as with the Anglo-Saxons, so here (where the omission is of still more moment), we do not see the English folk feeling its way towards literature in scattered and remote districts with all manner of cross-purposes and conflicting aims, but a series of literary monuments which are expected to illustrate a tolerably continuous progress. Yet the quasi-"anapaestic" treatment of the octosyllable, for instance, is largely a matter of local variation. It prevails, in various degrees, in a number of works of the 13th and 14th centuries—in the Genesis and Exodus, the Surtees Psalter, the "Prick of Conscience," "Havelok,"—all of Northern or North-eastern England; while the simpler "iambic" treatment of it predominates in another group covering the greater part of the same period, but extending beyond it, chiefly in the North or South—the "Owl and Nightingale," the "Cursor Mundi," the "Brus," the "Confessio Amantis." On the whole, the direction of artistic growth was towards a suppression of the freer in favour of the severer and simpler form. It would hardly be necessary to urge this point if Mr. Saintsbury had not somewhat peremptorily disturbed the accepted chronology of the "Poema Morale" (in the last half of the 12th century) on the ground of its "metrical maturity" compared with Layamon's "Brut," where "metrical as opposed to rhythmical scansion is barely struggling in." The solution rather is that the earlier writer was imitating a popular Latin verse of the day—the swinging *septenarius* of (*e.g.*) Map's famous

> "Mihi est propositum in taberna mori"—

though his imitation was tempered by traditional habits imperfectly overcome; while the later clung to the archaic English alliterative verse, though his conservatism was coloured by impulses towards rhyme and metre imperfectly resisted.

We have preferred to deal mainly with the portions of Mr. Saintsbury's book least likely to be taken for granted. But the chapters which cover ground previously trodden by him are far from being mere epitomes of the earlier books. The section on Shakspere, for instance, is now no mere critical summing-up, but a fresh and stimulating sketch, luminous with ideas and bristling with gibes. An important feature of the book, finally, is the striking and detailed account of the Scottish contributions to English literature. It would be absurd to suggest that to so ripe a critic the literature of Scotland looms larger when contemplated from Calton Hill than it did from Fleet Street; still, there is no mistaking the gain in sympathetic touch, if not in critical penetration, which is the proverbial fruit (in a fit nature) of "going into the poet's land." The book is in many ways a masterpiece, and we wish it all success.

C. H. HERFORD.

THE LOST SHELLEY.[*]

It is surprising what a number of works by comparatively modern writers, known to have been issued from the press, are—or have been until quite recent dates—no longer forthcoming, the existence of no single copy of any one of them being recorded.

For many years the two volumes of juvenile verse by Charles and Mary Lamb, entitled "Poetry for Children," were known only by name. After disappearing for sixty-nine years a copy was unearthed at the Antipodes. Until less than a decade ago no less than five separate publications—books and pamphlets—by Walter Savage Landor ranked with "Poetry for Children" in the list of the unknown. Four of these have since been recovered—two of them (found, together with a bundle of their author's letters, in an old writing desk) as recently as the present year. The fifth still awaits discovery. Until five years ago two of the most interesting of the Tennyson "trial-books," "Morte D'Arthur; Dora; and other Idyls," 1842, and "The True and the False, four Idyls of the King," 1859, were unknown to collector or bibliographer, though copies of both were lying in a readily accessible public library, only waiting to reward the search of the first careful investigator who cared to sort over the mass of more or less uncatalogued literature in the midst of which they were hidden. Two other, also, of the late Laureate's productions—"The Sailor Boy," printed by Miss Emily Faithful in 1861; and the "Ode for the Opening of the International Exhibition," printed by Edward Moxon in 1862, and sold to the number of one thousand copies on the opening day of the Great Exhibition—have practically disappeared from view, and, though well enough known to a few keen collectors, have until the present year failed to be included in any Tennyson bibliography. Mrs. Browning's first volume, "The Battle of Marathon," of which an edition was privately printed in London in 1820, at her father's cost, was a lost book until a decade or so since, when a copy figured in the catalogue of a country bookseller in 1864, the price demanded for it being one shilling. It was promptly purchased by Mr. Wilson, a bookseller of King William Street, Charing Cross, for a guinea, and was immediately resold by him to the late Mr. Locker Lampson for *ten* guineas. The last copy to come to light realised close upon a hundred pounds. It will not be forgotten, also, that five years ago (February, 1893) it was the good fortune of THE BOOKMAN to be the first to record the recovery of, and to describe, Mr. Ruskin's "Queen's Gardens," printed in Manchester in 1864, where it was sold to no inconsiderable extent, the proceeds from its sale being devoted to the fund of the St. Andrew's Schools, Ancoats. So long looked for in vain, it cropped up at length in a London auction room.

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[*] "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire." Edited by Richard Garnett, C.B. 5s. (John Lane.)

But in the list of lost books none are productive of so much inquisitive interest, none have been hunted for so persistently or so keenly, as those which figure under the name of Percy Bysshe Shelley. These number five at the least, and probably are more numerous still.

"Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire," a substantial volume, was printed in 1810.

"An Essay on Love, a little Poem," was printed not later than the early weeks of 1812, as a copy was then sent by Shelley to William Godwin, and advised in a letter addressed by the poet to the philosopher, and dated from Keswick on January 16th of that year.

"Leonara," a novel, said to have been written in conjunction with Thomas Jefferson Hogg, was printed at Abingdon in or about 1811. The publication was, however, quickly abandoned; probably the least regretable result of the young author's expulsion from Oxford University.

"A Poetical Essay on the Existing State of Things" was printed in London in 1811, and was "sold by B. Crosby and Co., and all other Booksellers," at the price of two shillings. From an editorial statement in the Dublin *Weekly Messenger* for March, 1812, we learn that the profits arising from the sale of the "Poetical Essay" amounted to "nearly an hundred pounds," and that this sum was subscribed by Shelley as his contribution to the fund then being raised for the support of Mr. Peter Finnarty. For the profits derived from a two-shilling pamphlet to amount to "nearly an hundred pounds" a very considerable number of copies must have been disposed of, and yet no living eye has ever been gratified with the sight of *one!*

The fifth "missing Shelley" is the "Lines on a Fête at Carlton House." This was also printed in 1811, and Shelley is said to have "amused himself by throwing copies of the poem into the carriages of persons going to Carlton House after the fête."

In addition to the above five more or less substantial publications a whole series of privately-printed *juvenilia* still awaits discovery. Upon the authority of the author of "A Newspaper Editor's Reminiscences,"* which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1841, we have it that "It was his [Sir Bysshe Shelley, the poet's grandfather] purse which supplied young Bysshe with the means of printing many of his fugitive pieces. These issued from the press of a printer at Horsham, and although they were not got up in good style, the expense was much greater than Shelley could have afforded if he had not received the assistance of his grandfather."

Of all the above, by far the most fascinating is the one first cited. "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire" is no mere pamphlet, but a volume of decent proportions. Advertisements of it appeared in many newspapers. More than one contemporary reviewer handled it, and extracts from its pages were included in such critiques. The very cause which compelled the authors to press the book into Stockdale's charge—impecuniosity, the chronic condition of the youthful Shelley—his inability to meet his printer's bill ["Phillips' debt" will no longer be to the editor of Shelley's Letters a mysterious phrase, impossible of explanation,—Phillips of Worthing, from whose press was struck "The Necessity of Atheism," was also the printer of this Lost Shelley]—contributes to render "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire" more attractive and enticing to the imagination than any of its still-missing fellows.

The fact that such a volume as "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire" must be added to the already lengthy list of Shelley *desiderata* was first made public in 1860. In the summer of 1859 a copy of "Stockdale's Budget" (printed in 1826-27) was purchased for the trustees of the British Museum. The "Budget" (a crude mixture of rubbish and scandal) is itself a rarity, and until 1859 had never been connected in any way with the bibliography of Shelley. But, upon looking over the pages of the nation's new acquisition, Dr. Garnett ascertained that in the midst of this hash of libel and lampoon, Stockdale had introduced a number of letters addressed to himself in 1810 by the future author of "Adonais," and had given details—sadly inaccurate as the event has proved—of a volume of poetry by Shelley until then utterly unknown to the poet's biographers. An account of this interesting discovery Dr. Garnett gave to the literary world in an article entitled "Shelley in Pall Mall," contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* for June, 1860. At last a copy of the book itself has been brought to the surface, and an account of its chance preservation during eighty-eight years, and its ultimate recovery now, has been given at length by Dr. Garnett—rightly chosen to fulfil the needful editorial duties—in the preface he has contributed to the precise reprint now issued from the Bodley Head.

Into the contents of the book itself it is wisest not to pry. As might well have been anticipated, the poems (!) are of the poorest possible quality—poor even for the Shelley of 1810-11; and it has been rightly asserted that no poet who attained to ultimate perfection ever commenced his career by producing such verbal abortions as he who in 1810 shrieked "Ghasta, or the Avenging Demon," and in the days of his maturity sang "The Ode to the West Wind," "Epipsychidion," and "The Skylark."

Dr. Garnett has made the most of his material. He has told the history of the initial production and ultimate recovery of the "Original Poetry" in such a manner as to make the story interesting even to those to whom Shelley is but little, and bibliography is naught. It forms a goodly addition to the as yet unwritten "Romance of Bibliography," and will appeal strongly to the general bibliographer, even as it will arouse the enthusiasm of the confessed Shelleyite.

With the assignment made by Dr. Garnett of each separate poem to its individual author it is difficult to interfere; in every instance the decision arrived at must meet with approval. But this assignment may be carried further, if not completed. The "Song translated from the German" (pp. 27-29), marked as "doubtful," is unquestionably Shelley's; whilst the preceding translation from the Italian may, with equal certainty, be placed to the credit of "Cazire."

Is it allowable to cast at Shelley's latest editor one reproachful glance? At p. xxvi. of his preface Dr. Garnett writes: "Fervently as we hoped that a copy [of 'Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire'] might one day be found, we must now hope with equal fervour that no one may ever find another." Dr. Garnett, ardent and faithful booklover though he be, is no collector, and fails—once he has become acquainted with its contents—to covet a copy of this book. But there are some whom Dr. Garnett is pleased to number among his friends to whom a copy of the "Original Poetry" would be a delight indeed. Why, then, should Dr. Garnett "fervently hope" that such delight should never be theirs? If he felt it to be so detrimental to Shelley's fame that more than a single copy of these early verses should be extant that he would fain limit the number to one solitary example, even at the cost of withholding pleasure from his friends, why did he consent to their multiplication in facsimile? and why did he introduce a whole edition of reprints to the world? Surely the Doctor is sadly inconsistent!

THOMAS J. WISE.

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* The personality of this "Newspaper Editor" has been for many years a subject for enquiry and conjecture. That his name was "Merle" was fairly evident from the contents of a letter addressed by Shelley to Edward Graham, dated "Eton Coll., May 29 [1810]." Professor Dowden very plausibly suggests ["Life of Shelley," 1886, vol. 1, pp. 124-25] that this "Merle" may have been William Henry Merle, an assistant in Ackerman's in the Strand, and the author of "Costanca, a Poem," and "Odds and Ends of Verse." As a matter of fact the "Newspaper Editor" of Shelley biography was Gibbons Merle, who owned and published a short-lived paper boasting the title of *The White Dwarf*.

DR. SVEN HEDIN'S TRAVELS.*

FROM "ACROSS ASIA."
Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.

RIGHT in the heart of Asia, where Britain, Russia, and China stretch encroaching fingers towards a possible meeting, lies the mysterious tract of country passed over in half a page in our geography books, and omitted, except in vague and general outline, from our atlases. It is a region about which people have inquired little. North and South have been eagerly explored; the Pole and the Sahara are brought, so to speak, to our doors. But the centuries have passed with but few attempts to penetrate the core of the mysterious East. There is something about the very name of Khotan, of the Pamirs, of Mustagh-ata, which tickles the imagination, and we confess to something of a superstitious thrill in opening Dr. Sven Hedin's book. For if the Hidden Lama is to be unveiled, surely we have a right to expect portents. But what do we find? That Dr. Hedin visited the Temple of the Ten Thousand Images and "had tea" with the "Living Buddha!" Yet that was a mere incident, disposed of in a few lines of a book whose every page is alive with serious interest.

Dr. Hedin has plenty of humour, and of good humour, but his book is one to be taken seriously. He has traversed thousands of miles where no European had ever before set foot; his adventures and experiences have been in themselves extraordinary, and his discoveries of far-reaching importance; but perhaps the charm of the book lies, as much as anywhere else, in the writer's art of telling his story simply and unaffectedly and of keeping the warm human interest alive from first to last. We have never read a more fascinating or a more thrilling travel book. The descriptions of the various attempts to scale the Mus-tagh-ata, of the wonderful scenic effects, of the mental and physical sensations of the traveller, and the grand invincibility of the Father of the Ice Mountains, are enough to set the nerves a-tingling in the bare reading. Here are a few of the writer's own sentences, sufficient to show his style and descriptive power. At a height of 20,660 feet above the sea he has stepped out to see the full moon rise.

> "A dead silence everywhere—not an echo from the opposite wall of rock. The attenuated air was inert; it needed an avalanche to make it vibrate. The breathing of the yaks was visible, but not audible. The animals stood silent and motionless, as if they, too, were under the witching spell of the night. The clouds flitted noiselessly by. The moon seemed to be gazing down fixedly upon the insignificant mortal who had had the audacity to defy one of the mountain giants of the world. A curious feeling of being at a vast distance from the earth took possession of me. It was difficult to realise that the four continents lay actually below my feet; and that a girdle drawn round the earth at the level where I then stood would cut off only the tops of a very few mountains in Asia and South America. I realised more forcibly than ever man's littleness as compared with the inconceivable magnitude of creation. I seemed to be standing on the confines of space—cold, silent, boundless."

And then he shows the reverse of the medal.

> "Islam Bai and Yehim Bai were sitting in their fur coats, as near to the dying embers as they could get, uttering never a word. . . . It was a long, wearisome night, which seemed as if it never would end. None of us could get a moment's sleep. At last, towards morning, I fell into a sort of dose, but was awakened by want of air."

There is so much in these two volumes that it is useless to attempt to analyse the contents in detail. By caravan, camel, yak, or on foot, Dr. Sven Hedin travelled 6,520 miles, 2,020 of which were fresh ground. Altogether, including journeys by rail or carriage, he covered 14,600 miles during these four strenuous years between 1893-97. His scientific labours were unremitting. Frozen among glaciers, scorched in arid plains, oppressed with headache in the rarefied atmosphere of the mountain-tops, parched with thirst in the deserts, the intrepid explorer never omitted to record his scientific observations. Between the Bagrash-köll in the north and the Koko-shili Mountains in Tibet, he has surveyed an enormous tract of new country, and gathered a mass of invaluable material now being worked out in the Institute at Gotha and prepared for publication in *Petermann's Mittheilungen.*

It is evident throughout the whole narrative—though Dr. Hedin is singularly modest in his phrasing—that his own qualifications for his task have been of the highest. Surely there could be no more thrilling story than that of the "Camp of Death," related in the closing chapters of Volume I., and all through it is evident how strong must have been his hold upon the loyalty and affection of the followers, how dauntless his own spirit, how magnificent his physique and power of endurance. It is rather in his favour than otherwise that he was, as he admits, no Nimrod, and had no ambitions in the direction of big game shooting. He had the more time to use pen and pencil, and his readers are the richer on that account. For there is hardly a page in these two volumes but has some vigorous sketch or dainty drawing. Some of these we reproduce, chosen almost at random, for all are excellent.

SVEN HEDIN.
Reproduced from "Across Asia," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.

To the non-scientific reader the assurance that Dr. Hedin has reserved his purely scientific information for separate and later publication may be reassuring. This is merely the story of his adventures, and, as we have already said, it is full of human interest from beginning to end. The book is one of those that one sits up late to finish, that tempt one to forget engagements and neglect duties. These are its dangers, but they are such as most of us willingly brave. Those who let the book pass unread will have missed an exceptional pleasure.

H. R.

HENRY REEVE.*

These volumes contain much interesting matter, though none of the first importance. Professor Laughton, one of Reeve's staff on the *Edinburgh Review,* and well known for his excellent contributions to the Dictionary of National Biography, has done his work unobtrusively and with skill. Occasionally, perhaps, his comments are marked by a political rancour which, whether just or not, seems out of place in a chronicle like this. Reeve was a man of mediocre ability who used his powers and opportunities so well that for many years, and even to the last, he was a personage. He had an excellent start at the beginning, having gone to school at Geneva, and having had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of some of the most eminent foreign statesmen and men of letters. He must have been a good friend, for in several cases these acquaintanceships developed into intimacy, and in very few were they entirely broken off. When he came back to London in early manhood, he was brought into contact with many of the best people in the literary world. His good fortune was crowned by his appointment at the age of twenty-five as a Clerk of Appeals to the Privy Council. This position he held for fifty years, having been Registrar since the creation of the office in 1853. With such excellent vantage, it is not surprising that he found a literary and journalistic career very easy. He was employed by the great editor Delane to write on foreign politics in the *Times*, and took himself very seriously, as was the manner of the time. There are not many contributions here to our scanty knowledge of the inner history of the great journal, but the old impression of Delane's ability and prescience is confirmed. Now that the lives of Delane and Dasent may be given up as hopeless, we should have been glad if these volumes had been more fruitful. The connection with the *Times* seems to have come to an end through some dispute with Dasent, although we note that Dasent afterwards contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. Reeve, with his usual good luck, was appointed editor of the *Edinburgh* in succession to Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and held the position to the end of his life. This task, and the editing of the Greville Memoirs, were his most important engagements.

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* "Through Asia." By Sven Hedin. 2 vols. 36s. (Methuen and Co.)

* "Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L." By J. K. Laughton, M.A. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

There is no chronicle here of the history of the *Edinburgh Review* such as we find in Macvey Napier's very valuable correspondence. Reeve was not an incompetent editor, but he could not be called successful. For one thing quarterly reviews were declining, though the *Quarterly* held its ground much better than the *Edinburgh* in point of spirit and insight. For another, the *raison d'être* of the *Edinburgh* was gone. Reeve was hardly a Liberal in any intelligible sense. He seems to have been always more or less out of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone. The two Reviews were for long on the same side though the *Edinburgh* was known as Whig, and the *Quarterly* as Conservative. To Reeve the rise in progress and strength of the Unionist party would have been in the highest degree satisfactory, and those who might be tempted to dispute his political insight and foresight should remember that he was all his life striving for this end. We are told that he did not welcome casual contributions, that he carefully revised proofs, and re-wrote passages to please himself. He seldom decided on publishing the review of a book which he had not himself read, and he objected to any reviewer who had already noticed the book in any other periodical. Mrs. Oliphant is almost the only outsider who appears in those pages. Froude was a contributor, and Goldwin Smith, and on one occasion at least Mr. Gladstone. Reeve did not bemoan the decline in the *Review*, in fact he did not seem conscious of it. All the modern methods of advertising he utterly detested. That his literary insight remained keen to the last is proved by the fact that so great a firm as Messrs. Longmans employed him so late as 1878 as their literary adviser. This arrangement remained in force to the end of his life. We gather that Reeve was a thorough Broad Churchman of the school of Arnold, Tait, and Arthur Stanley. He speaks of the "total weakness and inconsistency of the Tractarians, and their absolute disloyalty to the Church of England." He died peacefully at the great age of eighty-two, after a full, happy, and serviceable life.

MR. GUTHRIE'S KNOX.*

This new edition of Knox's "History" is intended for popular readers, not for scholars. The learned editor has not only modernised the spelling, altered the punctuation, broken down the long sentences, and divided the books into chapters, but has greatly curtailed and lightened the narrative by omissions of various kinds. By these omissions Mr. Guthrie gets rid of the whole of "Patrick's Places," the whole of the "Confession of 1560," almost the whole of the "First Book of Discipline," as well as of many speeches, letters and other documents, and also of what he regards as "repetitions and redundancies" and "long passages of minor interest." It is perhaps only in regard to the last class that Mr. Guthrie's pruning may be adversely criticised, although some of the omitted documents are neither dry nor lifeless. Passages, however, which only possess a minor interest for him may appeal powerfully to others. Among the passages so excluded may be mentioned Knox's own preface, his account of the Lollards of Kyle, his amusing notices of Adam Reid and Sandie Furrour, his accounts of the inhumanity shown by the French to the corpses of their opponents at Leith, of the judgment on the Queen Dowager, of the treatment of her corpse, and of the young Queen's irresistible influence on the Lords of the Congregation immediately after her return to Scotland. All these and many other racy passages are entirely suppressed. Characteristic expressions and interesting details are occasionally omitted in passages which are substantially reproduced, as may be illustrated by two examples taken from what Knox says of Patrick Hamilton:—

> "In schort proces of tyme the fame of his reasonis and doctrin trubled the clargye, and came to the earis of Bischope James Beatoun, *of whome befoir we have maid mentioun*, who *being ane conjured ennemye to Christ Jesus, and one that long had had the whole regiment of this realme, bare impatientlie that any truble should be maid to that kingdome of darknes, whairof within this realme he was the head. And thairfoir he* so travailled with *the said* Maister Patrik, that he gat him to Sanctandrosse, whair, eftir the conference of diverse dayis, he had his freedome *and libertie. The said Bischop and his blooddy bucheouris, called Doctouris, seamed to approve his doctryne, and to grant that many thingis craved reformatioun in the ecclesiastical regiment. And amanges the rest, thair was ane that secreatlie consented with him almest in all thingis, named Frear Alexander Campbell, a man of good wytt and learnyng, butt yitt corrupt by the warld, as aftir we will hear.* When the bischoppis and the clergye had fully understand the mynd *and judgement* of *the said* Maistir Patrik, *and* fearing that by him thair kingdome should be endomaged, thei travailled with the King, who then was young, and altogitther addict to thair commandiment, that he should pass in pilgramaige to Sanct Dothess in Rosse, to the end that no intercessioun should be maid for the life of the innocent servant of God."
>
> "The innocent servand of God being bound to the staik in the myddest of some coallis, some tymmer, and other mater appointed for the fyre, a trane of powder was maid and sett a fyre, quhilk *gave to the blessed martyre of God a glaise, skrimpled his left hand, and that syd of his face, but* nether kendilled the wood, nor yett the coallis."

The words here italicised are dropped by Mr. Guthrie without any indication of omission. In a few instances sentences struck out of the text are given in the footnotes.

In most cases he has gone to the best—but not always to the original—sources for his notes, which are all interesting, not too elaborate, and usually correct. The following slips occur:—p. 44, the year date 1563 is given instead of 1562; p. 56, Wishart is said to have been Knox's senior by eight or nine years, whereas it is commonly understood that he was his junior by as many; p. 156, the martyrs' monument at St. Andrews is described as a granite obelisk, and is said to stand on the site of the great heap of stones which Walter Myln's contemporaries raised to his memory, although it is only of free-stone, and stands on another site; p. 199, Lesley's vernacular "History of Scotland" is confounded with his "De Rebus Gestis Scotorum"; p. 239, Throckmorton's report of the talk of Mary's second marriage is alleged to have been written two months instead of a week before the death of her first husband.

If the glossary errs, it is on the side of fulness, several words being included of which few readers indeed should need any explanation. Frequently the meaning is added in the text as well as in the glossary, but the context does not always bear out the interpretation assigned. For example, on p. 323, *made it nice* seems rather to mean *demurred* than *were foolish enough*. In Knox's day language was freely used to which prudes would now object. By his omissions Mr. Guthrie has got rid of some of these homely terms, but in one or two instances he has not hesitated to substitute a less offensive word.

Of the fifty-six illustrations by which the volume is enriched, nearly the half are also in Mr. Guthrie's recent work on "Knox and his House." Of those which only appear in the "History," one of the most interesting is the half-length portrait of the Reformer, from the panel presented to the National Portrait

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* "The History of the Reformation of Religion within the Realm of Scotland, written by John Knox, edited for popular use by C. J. Guthrie, Q.C. With notes, summary, glossary, index, and fifty-six illustrations." 7s. 6d. (London: Adam and Charles Black, 1898.)

Gallery, London, by the Duke of Buccleuch in 1859. Neither Carlyle nor Drummond mentions this painting in their papers on the portraits of Knox. The present reproduction of it is not so good as that published last year in Professor Marcks' "Königin Elizabeth." The Geneva medallion of Knox, p. 141, gives the proper year of his death, but errs ten years in his age, as Beza does in his "Icones." On p. 254 there is a "reduced fac-simile of double page from 'John Knox's Liturgy,' for use by persons placed opposite each other, and singing different parts." It should have been explained that this is taken from an edition of the Psalm Book published fully sixty years after Knox's death. It might also have been stated that there is reason to doubt the authenticity of the Blairs College portrait of Cardinal Beaton on p. 67.

On the whole, Mr. Guthrie is to be heartily congratulated on this attempt to popularise Knox's "History," which has never before been presented in such an attractive form. In spite of the alterations to which it has been subjected, it still preserves a surprising amount of the true Knoxian flavour. And while a mere acquaintance with this edition will doubtless bring delight to many readers who would never have tackled the work in a less pleasing guise, it may induce some of them to study it seriously in that archaic and genuine form for the elucidation of which David Laing did so much.

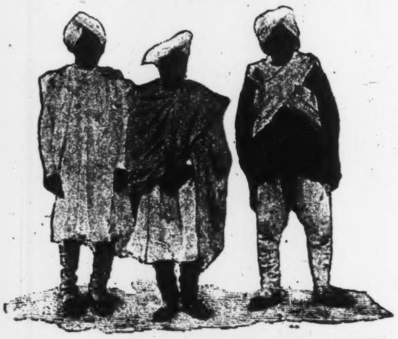
D. HAY FLEMING.

PROFESSOR BLASS' GRAMMAR OF NEW TESTAMENT GREEK.*

In publishing, about two years ago, a grammar of New Testament Greek the veteran classical scholar, Professor Blass of Halle, conferred a great boon on students of the Bible. Already occupying a foremost place among European scholars, and having especially signalised his grammatical attainments by editing the most widely accepted guide to classical Greek, his appearance on the field of New Testament study was hailed with much well-founded satisfaction. And now his "Grammar" is presented to us in a most trustworthy and skilful translation, and in a form more carefully printed and pleasanter to handle than the original. That scholars have already begun to use, and will continue to use, Professor Blass' work, either in the German or in its translated form, is of course certain. But in recommending it to persons in search of *a* grammar of New Testament Greek reason must be shown why it should be used in preference to Buttmann, Winer, Simcox, Green, or Viteau. As it is an advanced grammar, not suitable to learners, it comes into competition chiefly with Winer, for Buttmann unfortunately is little used in this country. And it may in a word be said, that it ought not to supersede Winer and will not supersede him. So far as regards the inclusion of the most recent discoveries in papyri and inscriptions, all hints received from this source will be embraced in Schmiedel's edition of Winer, which will now be finished in a month or two. All that might seem cumbersome and even old-fashioned in the older editions of Winer will be removed from the present. Still even Schmiedel's edition remains bulky; not by any means too bulky, considering its value, but still almost double the size of Blass. It is this mainly that gives Blass the advantage, an advantage somewhat modified by the very high price of the English edition. His work is compact, it has the air, the arrangement, the accuracy of scientific scholarship. Omissions there no doubt are. Both greater fulness and more explicit statement are desirable in the treatment of some of the particles, of the attraction of the relative, of the distinction of tenses in the participle, and of the significance of the article before two or more connected substantives—a point of considerable doctrinal importance. There are hints on the grammar of the New Testament scattered throughout the writings of recent English scholars which might with advantage have been utilised for Dr. Blass' purposes. These are especially to be found in the commentary and articles of the late Professor Evans of Durham in the various Lives of Plutarch edited by Holden, in occasional contributions to the *Classical Review*, in Professor Jebb's Appendix to Vincent and Dickson's "Grammar of Modern Greek," and so forth. But as it stands Professor Blass' "Grammar" is a monument of well-applied industry and scholarship, and a storehouse of knowledge in which many a student will find precisely what he needs. Indeed, Professor Blass has added another to the indispensable aids to the study of the New Testament, for while Blass does not oust Winer, Winer does not make us independent of Blass.

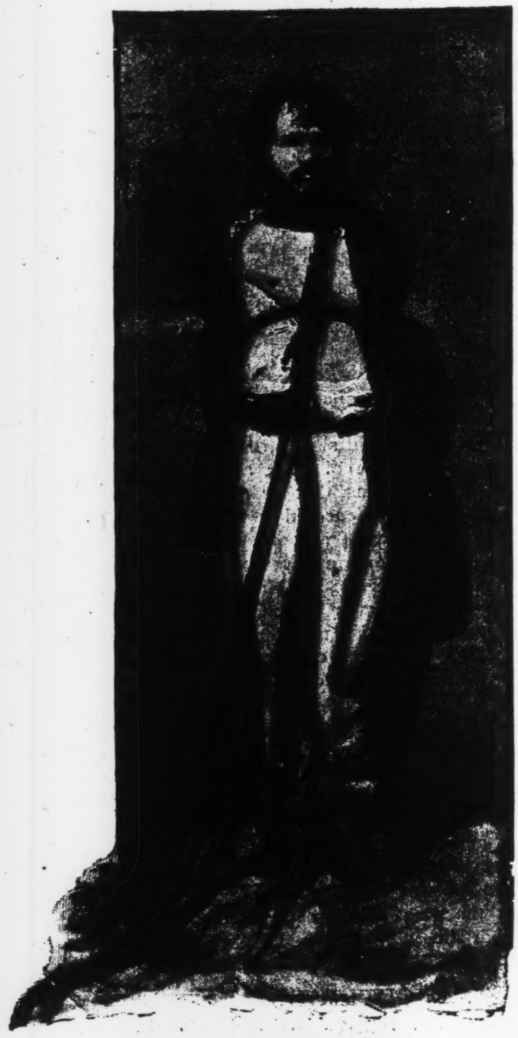
MARCUS DODS.

MR. SAVAGE LANDOR IN TIBET.*



THE RAJIWAR OF ASKOTE, HIS BROTHER AND SON.
From "In the Forbidden Land."

It is a thousand pities Mr. Landor's book is true. We bear a distinct grudge against the mass of Government Inquiries, Reports, and Depositions, all duly signed, sealed, and witnessed, and printed in the Appendix for the confirmation of the aforesaid narrative. It is so little use as a travel book, and it would have made such excellent fiction. The mere picture of "A Perilous Passage" would have realised a fortune on an illustrated cover. Imagine climbing for forty or fifty feet across the face of a perpendicular precipice worn smooth by the action of water and slippery with drizzling rain, hanging on by toe and



"I WAS A PRISONER."
Reproduced from "In the Forbidden Land," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

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* "Grammar of New-Testament Greek." By Friedrich Blass, Dr.Phil., etc., Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Halle-Wittenberg. Translated by Henry St. John Thackeray, M.A., Examiner in the Education Department. 14s. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

* "In the Forbidden Land." By A. Henry Savage Landor. 2 vols. 32s. (Heinemann.)

finger nails to tiny holes a few inches deep, cut at intervals of three or four feet along the rock-face, and then continuing the journey on a ledge "five or six inches wide!" And that was only one of many feats, equally miraculous, beside which even the tortures seem ineffective and tame.

Seriously, the value of the book as a record of travel is considerably discounted by the lack of precision as to localities and dates. Finding no map in the first volume we conscientiously procured one, only to pore over it in vain. And even when we at last discovered Mr. Landor's map snugly tucked away at the end of volume two, it was little help to us, for, as the chapters go on, we find our hero so busy telling us what he said and did that he forgets to mention where he was when he had the racy conversations he reports. In short, we advise the reader to neglect the map, to search for no information, to decline to be instructed, and to read simply for entertainment, and, if he will, for sensation. Let him dip into the book anywhere, and he will not fail to light upon some lively passage that will amuse and interest him. Take, for example, the story of the bewitched sponge. Mr. Landor's bath sponge had been lost for some time, and was found (its owner being meanwhile tied up in a kind of rough and ready rack), crushed flat and dry beneath heavy cases. It happened to be thrown into a pool of water, whereupon Mr. Landor turned his head (so much freedom of motion being left him), and addressed his faithful fungus in English with the air of one uttering an incantation. And behold, a prodigy! As he spoke louder and louder, the sponge, absorbing the moisture, swelled to a larger and larger size until at last the Tibetans, panic-stricken at the weird and awful spectacle, took to their heels and ran. Of course they dared not kill a magician of such occult power, and when they found that his fingers, as became an uncanny person, were webbed higher than other people's, they recognised frankly that he was unkillable. And no wonder! We are forced to the same conclusion. For, short of absolutely chopping him in pieces, the Tibetans did their best to put an end to his life. In fact, Mr. Landor may now feel assured of length of days, for, having survived what he has done, he will find no danger or disease that civilisation can threaten worth even a passing fear. But dangers, tortures, sufferings, horrors, Mr. Landor is racy through it all. He has his quip ready upon the rack, his jest as he slides helpless towards the torrent. Nothing checks his gaiety of spirits or his flow of gentle sarcasm. And if we take him on his own terms and meet him in another mood than that of gloomy condolence, let it not be ascribed to levity or lack of feeling, but rather to a sympathy of the higher sort.

Mansing. Chanden Sing.

MR. A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR, AND HIS TWO FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann, from "In the Forbidden Land."

MRS. ATHERTON'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mrs. Atherton is no new writer. There is no longer any question as to her power. But if there had been, "The Californians" would have conclusively answered it. The writer of such a book, though it had been her only one, has a right to a place of her own in contemporary literature. The writer's individuality has, in none of her work, been more marked. She has a style of her own, and uses it with entire facility. The copiousness, the colour, the brilliancy of her language at once lay hold upon the imagination. Such faults as may be found are those of an over-ready and over-profuse, never of a timid or a sterile pen. A bounding vitality pulses in every sentence. It is the spirit of the writer herself that speaks in such a passage as that on page 223, where Helena, in the heat of her Californian candour, pours out her heart in one breathless paragraph :—

"I love life. I love everything about it. I've never seen anything in the world I thought ugly. I don't think anything is ugly. If it was I should hate it. . . And, above all, I enjoy being loved."

The book, like Helena, has "the genius of personality."

Epigrams are proverbially treacherous, therefore it is too much to expect that Mrs. Atherton's *mots* will never betray her logic. But at least they arrest the attention, and her generalisations, if sometimes over-daring, have always an idea behind them. Her most striking sayings, though they are not invariably convincing, naturally refer to women.

"She sought relief for the silences of her life in literary composition. When an unattractive woman has not talent she finds a double revenge in the torture of words."

"The clever woman is abnormal in any case, being a divergence from the original destiny of her sex. The woman who is beautiful, fascinating, passionate, and clever is a development with which man has not kept pace."

"The one thing that man never gives to woman is spiritual help."

And for vividness of phrasing take these :—

"Her voice, fashioned to cut, vibrated a little with the vigour of its roots." And again, when the *blasé* man of the world saw Magdaléna with roses in her hair, "he understood perfectly, and *his soul grinned*." And once more, as the reason why the Californians liked Mr. Henry James, "I think it's because nothing ever happens, and that's so like life."

These we choose for their shortness. The best example is a paragraph on page 170, which we must leave readers to find for themselves. The interest of the story is entirely absorbed in its love affairs. It does not even begin to sparkle till the men, or rather the man, Trennahan, appears. The troop of fresh young *debutantes* taking their first toll of homage and of love makes a bright picture enough, but it is in the love of Trennahan and Magdaléna that the writer shows her strength. Helena's effervescent gaiety is charming, but Magdaléna has a deeper power and passion. The book has its dark passages. Even in the Paradise of the West a girl's life can be gloomy sometimes. And the closing scene is as gruesome as it could well be. But on the whole the writer's bright spirit triumphs, and the lasting impression is one not merely of power, but of pleasantness.

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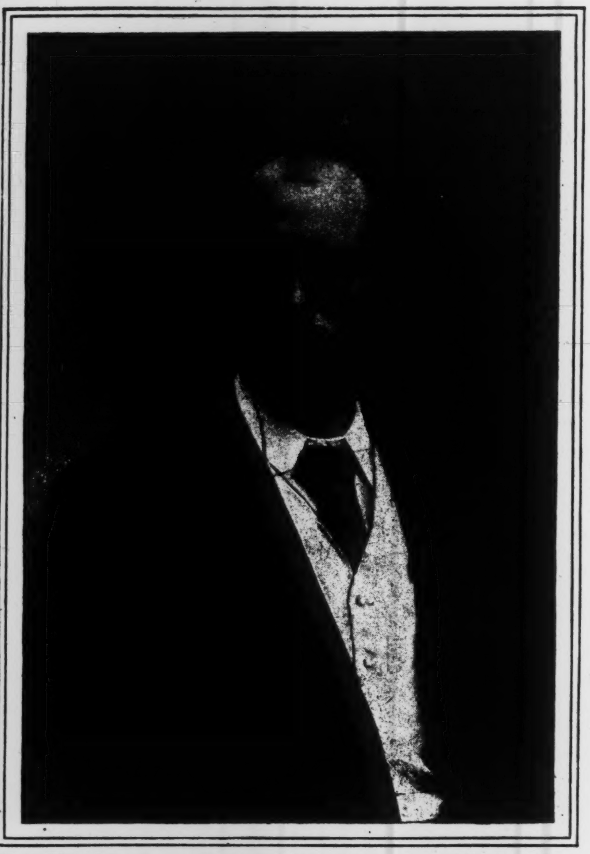
* "The Californians." By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (John Lane.)

THE TRIUMPH OF A JOURNALIST.*

This is not mere journalism, though it is the work of a man who is above all else a first-class journalist. "With Kitchener to Khartum" is history, geography, and romance—the romance of history and geography.

As readers of newspapers know to their cost, it is not every war correspondent that can make them see as he has seen. When you have read Mr. Steevens' book you feel that you have *lived* through the campaign. You have seen sights, heard sounds that you are never likely to forget. You know what it is to march for weary miles in a desert dust storm. "Dust! It rose off the ground till the place was like London in a fog. On the horizon it lowered like thunderclouds; rose above you, it whirled up like pepper when the lid of the castor came off. You felt it, breathed it, smelt it, tasted it. It choked eyes, nose, and ears, and you ground it between your teeth. After a few hours of it you forgot what being a man was like; you were merely clogging into a lump of Sudan."

Your eyes ache, "~~stabbed by the~~ gaudy glare;" your skin is baked by that terrible heat. You feel that you, too, bear what Mr. Steevens calls the "hall mark of the Sudan."



From Photo by] MR. G. W. STEEVENS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"Out in the desert gleamed the steel-blue water and black reflected trees of the mirage; even in mirage there is no green in the midday sun of the Sudan, what should be green is black; all else is sun-coloured."

You hear the tut-tut-tut-tut of the Maxims, the hissing splutter of rockets, the crash of the volley, the piping wht-t, wht-t, wht-t of the bullets overhead, swishing, whispering of death, shrieking destruction. Then sudden silence and the mighty cheering. You have watched the fight at Atbara.

You meet the men whose names are on England's lips—the Sirdar, "a man of no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind—more like a machine than a man," the general whose one weakness is a perfectly legitimate ambition; Major-General Hunter, the "sword arm" of the Egyptian army; "Old Mac," who "has been known to have fever, but never to be unfit for duty;" "General Back-Acher," whose "overmastering quality is tireless, abounding, almost superhuman energy;" Colonel Wingate, "who can converse for hours with that mysterious child of lies, the Arab, and at the end know not only how much truth he has told, but exactly what truth he has suppressed."

And you march at last into Omdurman, where on every yard were stamped "oppression, stagnation, degradation"—into Omdurman, that "museum of African races, that monstrosity of African lust." You stand in the Mahdi's tomb of "shoddy brick, and dare not talk lest the rest of the dome should come on your head," and you feel that that reek of the abominations of that accursed place "steam up to heaven" to justify you of your vengeance. With Maxim-Nordenfeldt and Bible after the manner of his race you bury Gordon—"alone in majesty under the conquering ensign of his own people."

You have helped to save Egypt, you have vindicated the honour of an Englishman.

The book is a triumph—a triumph in which Mr. Steevens' publishers may perhaps be allowed to share, for they have produced it admirably and with admirable speed.

J. E. H. W.

MR. KIPLING'S NEW BOOK.*

The volume opens with a display of Mr. Kipling's best force. "The Bridge Builders" is a magnificent story, and a kind of summary of his strength. His consummate skill in using technical knowledge; his robust and intelligent appreciation of work and heroism; his sense of the great and lasting things above man's little life, seen now and then through rifts in the cloud-smoke of the day's work, have seldom been given better expression. It is the tale of a grand fight between human skill, persistence, and discipline, and the cold, merciless force of the powers of nature. The engineer has put all his manhood, strained his brains and his body to the utmost, in the making of a bridge, and Mother Gunga rises in her strength, laughs in an ugly way, and prepares the destruction of all his hopes. We sit with Peroo the Lascar at Findlayson's feet, and watch the growing of the river's wrath.

> "A shrill wail rang along the line, growing to a yell, half fear and half wonder: the face of the river whitened from bank to bank between the stone facings, and the far-away spurs went out in spurts of foam. Mother Gunga had come bank-high in haste, and a wall of chocolate-coloured water was her messenger. There was a shriek above the roar of the water, the complaint of the spans coming down on their blocks as the cribs were whirled out from under their bellies. The stone-boats groaned and ground each other in the eddy that swung round the abutment, and their clumsy masts rose higher and higher against the dim sky-line. . . .
>
> "'Ohé!' said Peroo. 'Fight, then. Fight hard, for it is thus that a woman wears herself out.'
>
> "But Mother Gunga would not fight as Peroo desired. After the first down-stream plunge there came no more walls of water, but the river lifted herself bodily, as a snake when she drinks in midsummer, plucking and fingering along the revetments, and banking up behind the piers till even Findlayson began to recalculate the strength of his work. . . . The farther bank was veiled by rain, into which the bridge ran out and vanished; the spurs up-stream were marked by no more than eddies and spurtings, and down-stream the pent river, once freed of her guide-lines, had spread like a sea to the horizon. Then hurried by, rolling in the water, dead men and oxen together, with here and there a patch of thatched roof that melted when it touched a pier."

It is also a tale of the gods, the revelation of an opium dream. The gods are not so remote after all, for they look on at the bridge-builders, at the makers of fire-carriages, and wonder if these, with their strange new deities and marvellous, restless strength, are working for their glory or their ruin. Meanwhile they stay their hand, neither do they listen to the plaint of Mother Gunga that the Holy Ones have permitted the bridge-builders to defy her. But it is an uneasy assembly. Krishna foretells the *Götterdammerung*. He only, Krishna, that makes love in the hearts of men, will abide. To Indra they make appeal. He hushes Krishna and the anxious rest with, "When Brahm ceases to dream the Heaven and the Hells and Earth disappear. Be content. Brahm dreams still."

One must linger over this strange and fascinating tale of the utmost strength of man and the watchfulness, the lastingness of the gods, a tale where both human and divine fears are revealed shudderingly, in an indescribable medley of realism and mysticism that never revolts the imagination. The tale is enough to redeem any book. This one needs some redemption. Readers would be well-advised to close it at page 44.

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* "With Kitchener to Khartum." By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (Blackwood.)

* "The Day's Work." By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Of course, they won't. In their persistent march through, they will meet one other story, inferior to "The Bridge-Builders," but wonderfully vivid. The picturesque and the grotesque meet frequently in the administration of India, and "The Tomb of his Ancestors" is one more amusing example of it. Of the rest, what can one say? There is cleverness enough, though even that fails in "My Sunday at Home" and "The Brushwood Boy." Readers without a palate used to class Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Steel together, on the intelligent ground that they both wrote of the East! But now at last they are justified. "William the Conqueror" is exactly in Mrs. Steel's second-best vein: William is a girl after her own heart. "A Walking Delegate," "The Ship that Found Herself" (this in its own way perfect), "·007," and "The Maltese Cat" are of the kind of Moral Tales that are good if you can read them, that are otherwise intolerable. To allegory-loving youth, if such exist, we recommend them. Their intentions are instructive, and the moral in all save "A Walking Delegate," which is ungenerous, is either good or, at least, harmless.

But yet the volume must be honourably remembered. For it contains "The Bridge-Builders."

CAPRICCIOS.*

There is a very delicate touch displayed in these stories. Among the rough workmanship and the crude realism of so much of the fiction of the day, their style and their imaginings stand out dainty and distinguished. The chief characteristic of the book is a kindly idealism, not altogether fashionable just now, but which will not want for response. A simple, unquestioning belief in the power of goodness and beauty, a belief that goodness and beauty are essentially the same, lies at the heart of each of the tales—which hardly bear out their name; for there is nothing in them of the unexpected, the sudden, the contradictory, the inexplicable—in short, nothing of the capricious. Beauty is not seen here in its rebellious, audacious aspect, but as a gentle spirit, with its home among the simple and lasting things out of doors.

From Photo by] THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS. [Kate Pragnell.

In the story of "Pan"—the best of all, we think—which tells of the pagan, innocent childhood of a singer, we find the dominant note of the whole. "It was Pan who first showed us that what we had so often longed for as some unknown, unattainable good—as love, or sympathy, or health, or pleasure—was in truth nothing else but this: the open air and the light of heaven."

"A Shepherd Lover" is a dream of Theocritus. Hermas goes courting another Amaryllis with song, while his flocks feed on the hill, without a Tityrus to herd them. Long he goes courting, and lamenting the maiden's scorn, unmindful of the wealth of love and worldly gear his master's daughter is laying at his careless feet. But Myrto of the Haughty Lips does not abase herself ever in vain, and the pastoral, begun in a wail, ends in tender and happy piping. There are stories much nearer the literal life of to-day, "Miss Anne," "Moriséd," and others, but we feel that the writer has expressed herself most powerfully in the tales we have referred to, and in "The Bird Charmer." In their lyrical fancy and their lyrical phrasing lies her individual note.

MR. EDWIN PUGH'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. Pugh's work is here on a simpler scale than in "A Man of Straw," and unquestionably it gains in strength from the concentration of his powers on a few scattered scenes in the careers of two or three personages. The history of the short and intense life of Tony Drum is very good; also, here and there it is very bad. Mr. Pugh has made him a living boy nearly always, got inside him, and made him speak words that are not the less real because they are magnificent, or grotesque, or aged. But now and again he speaks for Tony when Tony's soul is shut to him, and then the words are a thin, unreal imitation of a child's eloquence or originality. No child ever appealed to another not to hurt his feelings, we are certain. There are a few mistakes of the kind, not many. We have met Tony before, in a more physically-robust shape. We do not say that Sentimental Tommy was his inevitable forerunner, but that young genius has perhaps unconsciously done something to form the mind and colour the temperament of the short-lived Cockney boy, whose audacious inventions concerning heaven, and sniffing disparagement of all earthly pleasures beyond his reach as mere dust and ashes compared to what he had experienced in a previous existence, are very much in the strain of Tommy's romancings concerning Thrums. We do not suggest imitation. The childhood of an artist is a fascinating subject which must entice many writers. Mr. Barrie and Mr. Pugh will not be the last to dramatise it. Tony's genius and Tommy's are closely akin, however, and this forces a comparison. But Mr. Pugh has made his own setting, chosen his own circumstance, cleverly and sympathetically. If the boy has a family resemblance to a cousin, he is not the less a real boy, almost perfectly understood, and worth understanding—sensitive, precocious, priggish, immature, ignorant, pathetic, affected, and tender-hearted, curious about life, with life around him very unbeautiful, yet without a strain of coarseness. A little eager-natured hunchback, thrown largely on books for companions, he must act the parts books suggest to him, of course; but Mr. Pugh is nowhere more knowing in his presentment of him than in setting limits to his dramatic representation of literary episodes. Take the "fyanky" incident for example. The Oswald Vavasours of highly coloured fiction have "fyankies." So must he, and he formally chooses Silly H. for the honour. It marked a proud stage of his career, but it spoilt all intimacy. So Tony wrote her a note which said, "I release you from our engagement." And then things were again as they had been. There are more beautiful pages which we have neither quoted from nor alluded to, but readers should find them for themselves. It is worth their while. There is not much book company just now better than is to be found in "Tony Drum."

THE PLUNDER PIT.†

Mr. Snowden's imagination lingers about the rough, crude, violent characters of a moorland country, in times when wildness and eccentricity had not yet been smoothened or diluted by the patent railway process. The air is more continuously stormy in this tale than in "The Web of an Old Weaver." Something of the barbaric, passionate atmosphere that hangs over "Wuthering Heights" is felt in this other Yorkshire story of "The Plunder Pit." There is a whole-heartedness in the villainy as in the love; in the craft as in the daring. The matter, plucked from old traditions and legends of the early days of the century, has an obvious fascination for him; yet it is in strange contrast to his own temperament revealed on every other page. Mr. Snowden, at his best, is an interpreter of the delicacies of the soul, a recorder of the sudden visitations of beauty. But we cannot say that he is at the wrong kind of work in describing the secret underground meeting of the villains, or the fight during the burglary at the squire's, or the chase of Spink among the caves in Gordale Scar. These are fine incidents; and the writer's enjoyment speaks plainly through their vigour. Indeed, so far as the narrative goes, these rough scenes of daring and defiance are the best. Mr. Snowden loves good fight, and makes us responsive to his appreciation. When the squire cries out, "Doff your hat in the dark, to an Englishman!" a thrill of joy goes through us, though it is a very scoundrelly Englishman that has just died game. I hardly feel inclined to praise the rest of the story. The beginning of it is not plain-spoken enough for me. Of course, the situation is ticklish; the hero discovers the rascally doings of his sweetheart's father; honesty and love draw him different ways; love's arguments, moreover, are strengthened by the doubt whether the father Baxendale is not a victim himself. He plays fast and loose; the girl is touchy; the hero knows too much; and there are rascals about to whom human life is not at all sacred. Certainly the ground craves wary walking; but there are too many half-utterances and too much tiptoeing for a simple reader. I hardly think Baxendale is realised. He seems the sorriest rascal of them all, and if we are not in love with his daughter, we must be impatient of the smoothing of his road. How far wicked, how far weak he was, we are not helped enough to determine; he has all the dimness of outline of the timid man. I am quite sure the Reverend Wilfrid Dakin is not wanted in the book, though as he is amusing he cannot be altogether superfluous. But it is impossible to present "The Plunder Pit" as a model of story-telling.

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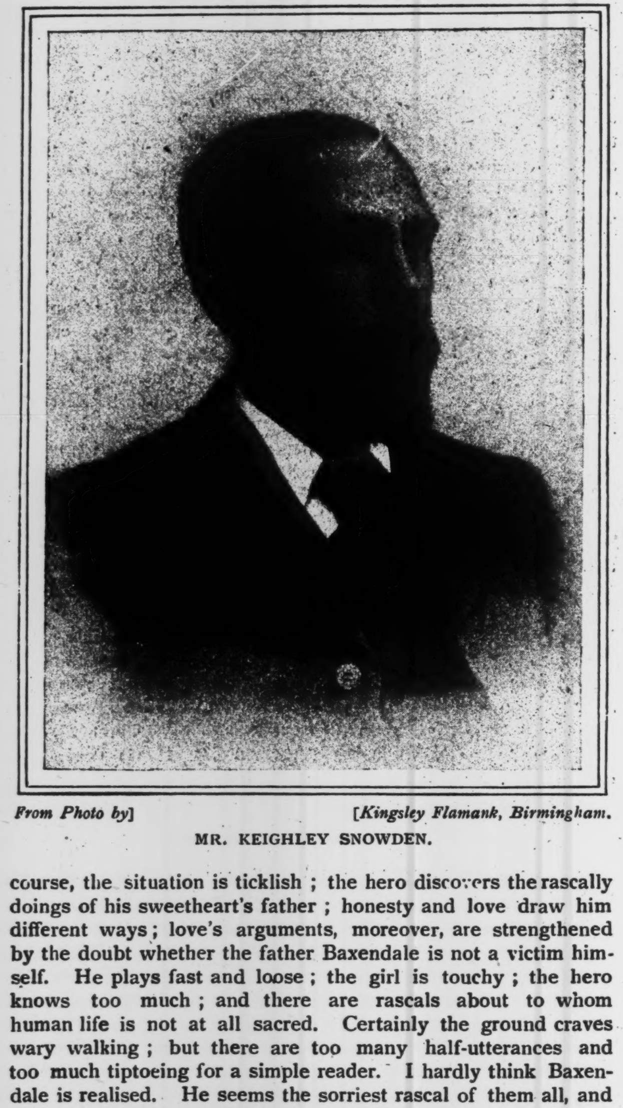
* "Capriccios." By the Duchess of Leeds. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

* "Tony Drum, A Cockney Boy." By Edwin Pugh. With 10 coloured plates by the Beggarstaff Brothers. 6s. (Heinemann.)

† "The Plunder Pit." By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Methuen.)



From Photo by] [*Kingsley Flamank, Birmingham.*

MR. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

Its distinction is elsewhere. Through all the rough-and-tumble of the plot one descries the working and the observation of a gentle mind, of a delicate insight, a sensitive ear. Few writers can find so accurately the springs of the soul, can tell with such precision the circumstances of great moments, the few moments in life that really count, or can knit with such understanding the happenings of the outer world to the events in the heart of man. And this sensitiveness has won a manner to express it, a manner the most unostentatious possible, without a trick anywhere in it. Louder styles may shout it down for the time, but the harmony is there, and in quiet moments there will be a few to hear it. There is an occasional lyrical quality, as in "The Web of an Old Weaver," when a short cry of love or pain seems to be set to music. Mr. Snowden has the craftsman's honour. He writes few books and writes them well. He does not flatter our times or our fashions. Popularity is out of the question; but to distinction he has already attained.

A. M.

MR. JAMES'S NEW BOOK.[*]

Mr. James is in a queer mood. Nearly all his later stories have been tending to the horrible, have been stories of evil, beneath the surface mostly, and of corruption. His genius is essentially a healthy one, we have always felt, and he has had great respect in times past for the *convenances*. He does not outrage them now; his manners are perfect, even in his late studies of the putrescence of human existence. "What Maisie Knew" was one of these; but the story was a triumph of beauty in the end. Its theme was that purity and candour and joy could be strong enough in the heart of a young creature to counteract the miasma of the evil amid which she lived, not all unconscious either. His purpose was abundantly fulfilled. The first of the two stories here—the other hardly counts, though it is a readable enough extravaganza—is another study of the same unpleasant kind of fact, but so much more horrible, that it surely marks the climax of this darker mood, out of which Mr. James may emerge with a profounder, or perhaps only a bitterer strain. The situation of Maisie is reversed. The circumstances, the conditions, in "The Turn of the Screw," all make for purity, beauty, and joy; and on the surface these are resplendent. But underneath is a sink of corruption, never uncovered, but darkly, potently hinted. One's heart cries out against the picture of the terrible possibility; for the corrupted are children of tender years. Every inch of the picture seems an outrage in our first heat. Even in colder moments, if we admit the fact of infant depravity, if we own that children are supreme actors, and can bar doors on their elders most effectually, we must deny the continuity and the extent of the corruption as suggested here. Mr. James has used symbolism to help him out with his theme; so, at least, we may speak of the two ghosts—one of a rascally valet, the other of an iniquitous governess—the origins of the evil in their lifetime, who haunt the children after their death. Their horrible invitations to evil are joyfully responded to. We have never read a more sickening, a more gratuitously melancholy tale. It has all Mr. James's cleverness, even his grace. The plottings of the good governess and the faithful Mrs. Grose to combat the evil, very gradually discovered, are marvellously real. You cannot help but assist at their interviews, and throb with their anxiety. You are amply convinced of the extraordinary charm of the children, of the fascination they exercise over all with whom they come in contact. The symbolism is clumsy; but only there in the story has Mr. James actually failed. It is not so much from a misunderstanding of child nature that he has plunged into the deep mistake of writing the story at all. Here, as elsewhere in his work, there are unmistakable signs of a close watchfulness and a loving admiration of children of the more distinguished order. A theory has run away with him. It is flimsily built on a few dark facts, so scattered and uncertain that they cannot support a theory at all. He has used his amiable knowledge of child life in its brighter phases to give a brilliant setting to this theory. His marvellous subtlety lends his examination of the situation an air of scientific precision. But the clever result is very cruel and untrue.

MR. NEWBOLT'S POEMS.[†]

"Admirals All," the twelve pieces that, in Mr. Mathews' "Garland," made Mr. Newbolt's name known and honoured, are included in this volume, which contains also twenty-eight new ones, mostly in the same strain. The best of the new

[*] "The Two Magics." By Henry James. 6s. (Heinemann.)

[†] "The Island Race." By Henry Newbolt. (Elkin Mathews.)

poems confirm the general estimate of this spirited writer's work. His fervent patriotic note rings true. He may not be always in a singing mood; but there is never anything to be discounted as mere fudge. He has the real ballad knack, and he knows the words that rouse.

> "'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
> Strike et when your powder's runnin' low,
> If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
> An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'
>
> Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
> (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
> Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
> An dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe."

And who can forget the picture, in "Admirals All," of Essex, when Howard has passed the word to fight?—

> "He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
> And under the guns he ran."

Nowadays there are many who can play pretty variations on "Rule Britannia"—not so well as Mr. Newbolt, but with skill and spirit. He rises out of the mass of our fashionable patriot bards by a serious strain, which must prevent him from being the mouthpiece of shouting Jingoes. He is no mere singer of empire. In his Hymn in the Time of War and Tumults, the blessing on England may be said to be invoked conditionally, since it is asked for

> "The race that strove to rule Thine earth
> With equal laws unbought;
> Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth,
> And brake the bonds of Thought."

His fiercest lays breathe moral responsibility.

We wish Mr. Newbolt had been more fastidious in what he admitted to this volume. There are some occasional verses, and one or two sentimental poems like "Moonset," we could very well do without. But there are good things besides those that will specially strike the popular fancy. "The Invasion" is an exquisite lyric with a subject lying outside his usual range; and we give a special welcome to "Ionicus," his tribute to Johnson-Cory, not as poet, but as patriot schoolmaster. Some mediocre pieces are redeemed by lines that rouse the best instincts in the Island Race. Not Cliftonians old and new merely, but all generous souls, will answer to the appeal,

> "To love the game beyond the prize."

NOVEL NOTES.

MORD-EM'LY. By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Pearson.)

"Mord-Em'ly" is altogether capital, perhaps even better than "Three Women and Mr. Frank Cardwell." There are in it chapters that Dickens would not have been ashamed to acknowledge. Mr. Pett Ridge is steering a safe course between the rocks that beset the writer who seeks to picture the life of the masses. He has kept clear of the grotesque exaggeration that mars so much of Dickens' work; he has kept clear of the exaggerated brutality of the latter-day tellers of tales of mean streets. "Mord-Em'ly" is realistic, if accuracy of observation be still the foundation of realism, and it is a pleasant book to read. All the characters in "Mord-Em'ly" are portrayed with fascinating skill. No one who has lived any time in London can fail to recognise them. We are not quite sure that Wetherell's conduct has convinced us—Wetherell, the man who holds forth on the Broadway, the man who's on the side "of every man 'aving his full pay for a fair day's work, and less of it going into the swollen pockets of that 'yora-'eaded monster, Capital." But "Mord-Em'ly," her father and mother, Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Mitchell, the Gilliken Gang, and inhabitants of the "Home" live in the pages of the book. And we are thankful to Mr. Pett Ridge for the opportunity of making their acquaintance.

THE CHANGELING. By Walter Besant. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

The problem of heredity has been exercising this popular writer; and he has studied it profoundly enough to be aware that nothing certain is known about it at all; but that it is safe to assert good bringing up will not invariably ensure a good result when there have been disreputable forbears. In this book, a child of many prayers and much training turns out such an unpleasant cad, harking back to his unknown father, that the story has actually to end with a melancholy page, which is against Sir Walter's tradition, and against our liking, so far as his tales are concerned. But we can't help thinking the child might have had a better chance. Lady Woodroffe was not a winning person. She was probably a very painstaking instructor and guardian of youth, but the talents of motherhood we can hardly imagine her as possessing. The rest of the story is much more in his usual vein. The congregating of the poor Pennefathers round their millionaire relative is eminently characteristic, and often amusing. In the college for women, founded by Hilarie, where there are no lectures, but only high and stimulating companionship, and the inculcation of the romantic principle that it is a degradation for women to take money for their work, and that the society is rotten that allows it, we recognise one more sign of the steadfastly amiable ideal he has cherished, and will always heroically cherish, in the face of facts, of ridicule, and the ethics of social economy.

OWD BOB. By Alfred Ollivant. 6s. (Methuen.)

We admire this book extremely for several reasons—for its originality, for its virile and expressive English, above all for its grit. It deals with emotions—jealousy, hatred, love, grief—but its sentiment is never flabby nor its pathos exaggerated. "Owd Bob," the Grey Dog of Kenmuir, the pride of the Dales, is a type of the excellence of his own chronicle, in his strong and disciplined self-restraint. McAdam, the alien from the north, is not an amiable Scot nor any credit to his country, but his keen sarcastic wit, his deep and passionate though hidden affections, and his dour fixity of purpose, are deeply characteristic of his race. The dogs supply the dramatic effects for the most part. Their meeting on the bridge after the show is as effective a scene as could well be imagined. The dialect is, of course, Cumbrian, but is quite easy to read, and the English, quaint, even archaic at times, has an incisive force of phrasing which grips the memory and holds a foremost place in it for long. The book is to our mind the most powerful of its class that we have read. It is one to read with admiration and to praise with enthusiasm.

MR. ALFRED OLLIVANT.

THE ROMANCE OF A MIDSHIPMAN. By W. Clark Russell. 6s. (Unwin.)

Mr. Clark Russell is still easily first among the sea story-writers. Later rivals have put on a more professional air, used a deal more of nautical language, and their tales smell a good deal less briny. They mark a revolt against the sentimental Jack Tar of Dibdin's songs and of some earlier fiction. He never conceived such stage sailors, perhaps ignored them in other people's books; and so there is none of the exaggeration of protest in those he introduces into his stories. He is not ashamed to present a sailor of sentiment and imagination, for fear it may be held an offence against realism—a literary faith he does not profess. His men are quite nautical enough, if all the humanity has not been salted out of them. Our only grievance against this delightful story is that the hero married a wife who determined that the sea was no profession for him. They had had a hard time together when wrecked, and this is some excuse. But a life of adventure seemed to be the destiny of one who, at ten years old, ran away from school with a comrade, to shoot eider ducks in Norway, with not a penny-piece between them, and for all their baggage a rusty gun. The "romance," so far as it consists of the fulfilment of a childish vision, which linked the fortunes of a little stranger girl to the midshipman's, is something of an eccentricity. Luckily it does not count for much. The voyage, during which Belle and he were shipmates, and which ended in the wreck, is full of bright interest; but it hardly comes up to the level of the tale of his boyhood in the French town of Bouville. In telling the midshipman's childish experiences Mr. Russell is so detailed, so leisurely, that we are pleasantly reminded of the ways of Marryat. Never has he written better. Indeed, for the first time we feel inclined to quote passages from his work that testify to an unusual sense of poetry, and to the power of putting it into memorable words. Only a want of space deters us.

MR. W. CLARK RUSSELL.
From a New Photograph by A. F. Perren, Bath.

A WRITER OF BOOKS. By George Paston. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

This is a very favourable specimen of the novel of literary life. It is not written in ignorance, or in the rhapsodical temper of the provincial aspirant, who thinks of writing folk as a kind of archangels speaking wisdom in trumpet blasts, or as neglected Chattertons, defying in their early death an indifferent world. "George Paston" knows the conditions and the circumstances. She knows, too, the heart of an eager young woman, how it beats at the sights and the chances of London, how it courts experiences—though it is generally, we think, much more timid than that of her heroine Cosima. Cosima's self possession, or else her mature intellectual equipment, is quite impossible, it strikes us, for a young person in her early twenties; but add on a few years, and she is both conceivable and likeable. Her only really youthful trait in the first portion is her naively open determination to use everything as "copy," to see everything possible, good or bad, on the old housekeeper's principle of "keep a thing seven years, and you'll find a use for it." Later on she loses her head, and is childish enough. As a story the book has plenty of faults. Poor Tom Kingston is sacrificed to illustrate a theory, more than a theory, an indisputable truth, if you like, that a stupid person is not necessarily, is not commonly, virtuous. But sacrificed he is. We like Tom, and continue to think him maligned, a victim of the monomaniac Bess. A fool, but an honest fool, surely. Besides, whatever his vices, he was badly treated by the woman who, with but the rags of an old childhood affection to offer him as love, and offended by his manners, his tastes, his jokes, yet married him—for her own ends, call her ends by as pretty names as you please. We cannot share all the writer's sympathy for her at the close, but we are glad that she has found something to take the place of love, since that is forbidden, and believe enough in her talents to think her cure for despair a very serviceable one. This writer of books gives the author an opportunity of standing up valiantly for the dignity and seriousness of fiction, the richest mine for the historian and the sociologist of the future. This is by far the best novel "George Paston" has yet given us. It is exceedingly well written, clever in its comment and in many of its characterisations Theories and purposes have shaken its balance at times, but excitement and not essential weakness have been the immediate causes of the trembling. It has stormed at some conventions, not always wisely, we admit, but with perfect justice.

POTSHERDS. By Mabel C. Birchenough. 6s. (Cassell.)

It is impossible to deny the talents of the writer of this story. She has a considerable experience of life, must have watched character closely, has few prejudices, and, what is more unusual, no false sentiment. Her intellectual equipment is much above the average; but we doubt whether she is doing her own work in writing fiction. She has made a shapeless, tawdry story out of some excellent material. The plot is entirely unconvincing. Eli, the madman with the avenging mission, is like a bad and absurd dream. The part that the literary villain plays is ridiculously crude in its wickedness. And the introduction of the London artistic scenes is an enormous mistake. They dilute what strength would otherwise belong to the book, which should rightly have been a story of the Potteries. On the other hand, Handley the potter, the able, sincere, fiercely independent, obtuse, and unmannerly hero, is a success. He is the one strong character handled strongly. Mrs. Kirkham, his partner, secretly in love with him, and giving her life for him in the end, is an interesting intention. His wife Philippa speaks brightly, and, we are asked to believe, acts vigorously; but she is only a restless shadow. There is no welding of the material; there is no clear purpose in the book. But there is unmistakable talent, which must surely be put to better use one day.

DEADMAN'S. By Mary Gaunt. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Deadman's" is a story of an Australian camp, but little of the interest is based on local circumstance and conditions, though these are vigorously depicted. The setting might have been quite other, and the plot and characters remained the same. It is the tale of a man's mistake—an honourable, but a very stupid mistake. He obeys a command, given in a haughtily moral and irresponsible tone, to marry a girl to whom he had behaved ill enough, but who made no claims on him. The girl is worthless, impossibly vulgar and untrainable, and he knows it. He tries the plan of marriage fairly, and ere his miserable experiment is over, she runs away, to find a more suitable mate. The man feels himself contaminated, and the chief part of the story concerns his life in a lonely camp, in sight of love and happiness, which he feels unworthy to grasp. The course of the narrative is probable and interesting. Even the supreme sacrifice of the runaway wife one accepts as a possibility, at least. Wedded to low living she must always have been, and as mate to a scoundrel she cannot have felt much out of place; but life had taught her something, no doubt, and an obscure strain of loyalty to the man who had acted straight by her, though she had never loved him, might conceivably force her into willing danger, when his safety was threatened by ruffians. Miss Gaunt asks us to believe so. Perhaps we do it the more readily that the sacrifice is necessary if the hero Ruthven is to get his heart's desire, and Ruthven has won our hearty affection in the course of the story. "Deadman's" is one of the most readable of recent Australian novels.

HER MEMORY. By Maarten Maartens. 6s. (Macmillan.)

In his lesser efforts as in his greater, Mr. Maartens always displays certain exquisite qualities. His sensibility, his insight into gentle natures, into the workings of children's and some women's minds, are very rare. It is by this sensibility he betrays something of the alien, and not by any weaknesses of style, for it is of a kind unfashionable just now in the men-writers of our race. "Her Memory" is not of the calibre of "God's Fool" and "The Greater Glory," but in his minor work there is nothing slipshod; and this story, rather meagrely suggested, is of real interest. Yet it seems to us to be only the prelude to the drama, which must develope quickly now that Sir Anthony finds he has cast aside a profession for which he has real genius, now that he has married again so decisive and practical a character as Lady Mary, and now that Margie has grown up to find herself ousted from the sacred office of guardian to her father by a stepmother. What will they make of each other? Sir Anthony could not always shut fast the door on his artistic instincts, not to speak of his artistic success. Some weakness in his political administration is bound to appear sooner or later. Lady Mary will keep him in the world, and his heart will be full of rebellion. Margie, the loyal, the reticent, and the narrow-minded, must drift away from him. We can imagine even she and her stepmother joining forces in the end to keep him a practical and successful and miserable man. It is in the future of the personages our strongest interest lies. But Mr. Maartens has written a charming prelude to the drama we dimly descry.

FIONA MACIVER. By A. and E. J. Jenkinson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The attraction of this story lies in its Highland setting. Nature teaches us to enjoy Highland scenery, and Mr. William Black has taught us to enjoy descriptions of it. It will be long before a lonely island in the Western Ocean will lose its charm either for the writer or the reader of romance. Fiona Maciver is a healthy, wholesome type of Highland girl who is as much at home on sea as on land, and can row and steer a boat with the best. Her love affairs, which make the story, have a terribly sensational development when she finds herself defenceless on the islet with a homicidal maniac. A plank over a racing current is brought into play with thrilling effect, and after long suspense rescue comes at the supreme moment. There are further troubles to be faced, but in the end all goes well, and a happy family group make their bow in the epilogue. The book has the Highland glamour about it, and therefore has its share of charm. Even those who find the story ordinary will enjoy the fresh Hebridean atmosphere.

FORTUNE'S SPORT. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. 6s. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

Mrs. Williamson keeps to her good old traditional style, and deals in misunderstandings and fascinating villains. But she makes a good story of the familiar materials, and rouses the reader's interrogative mood in the first page or two, which is after all the first secret of a fictionist of this class. And the second secret is to prevent the point of interrogation from straightening itself into a mark of exclamation before the last chapter. In this, too, Mrs. Williamson is successful. She is a clever writer of sensation of the more wholesome sort.

SEA URCHINS. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

What can one say of "Sea Urchins" that one did not say of "Many Cargoes"? The stories are similar, and they are as good. Mr. Jacobs knows his old friends the skippers and the mates in their every aspect; and he has such a winning, genial way with him that they let themselves go, show their individuality in all its corners, play the buffoon, and the lover, and all their various parts without shyness or reserve. The humours of the little river and coasting craft were never so understanded before. The stories are irresistibly funny, and wonderfully varied, though to read half a score or so, one after the other, is to lose some of the effect of each. Keep the book by you, and it will brighten many dull hours, and hit the fancy of the idle, irresponsible ones.

PAUL CARAH, CORNISHMAN. By Charles Lee. 6s. (James Bowden.)

Since the appearance of "A Widow Woman," Mr. Lee has been established as a Cornishman of note. His work has a freshness and exhilaration suggestive of his sea-girt county, and his characters walk with delicious independence in their own paths, regardless of the traditions of fiction. Paul Carah has emphatically a way of his own. At every page you know what he will do on the next—and then he doesn't do it. And the ending is just the one that nobody will guess before coming to it. Jennifer is less elaborately portrayed than Paul, but she is a character with outlines, and a stroke or two gives her to us. Her father is rightly painted as a blur. Mr. Jose was not a man of distinction. The story is a short one, an elaboration of a single idea, but it is a clear and complete piece of work, brisk, wholesome, and entertaining.

From Photo by] [*Killick, Holloway Road.*

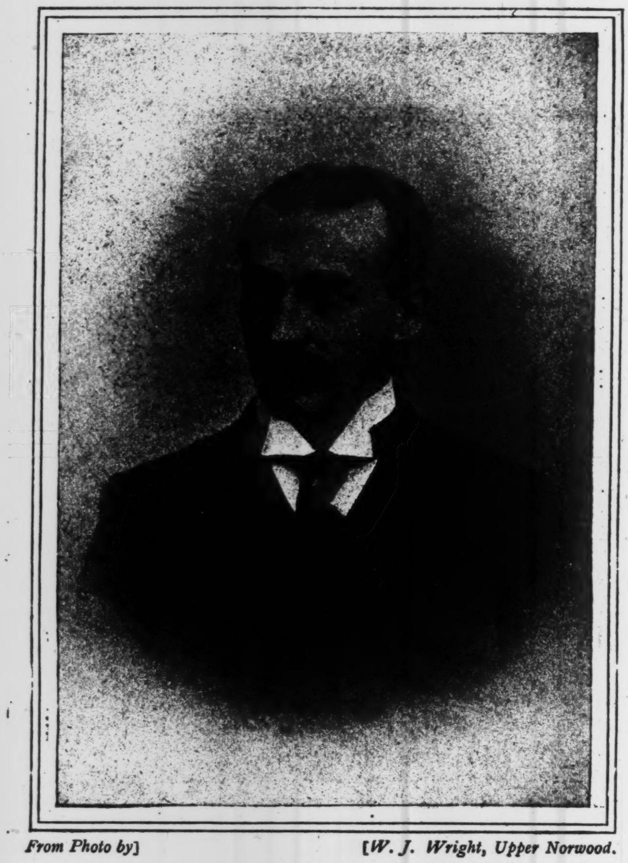
MR. CHARLES LEE.

COURTSHIP AND CHEMICALS. By Emily Cox. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The worst thing about this story is its title. It is a pleasure to be able to assure readers that it is not nearly so silly as it labels itself. It is, in fact, a very bright tale of Newnham life, with a little bit of country scenery thrown in as a background for the lovers. There is one unnecessary and disconcerting outburst on the part of the young Squire, who, quite suddenly, makes a rapturous proposal to a comparative stranger, and, naturally, is refused, after which he, she, and the authoress apparently agree to ignore the incident, and behave as if nothing had happened. Otherwise the love affairs are quite in order, and the incidents, if improbable, are entertaining. It is in every sense an easy book to read, large in print, light in matter, and a pleasant companion for an idle hour.

BROTHERS OF THE PEOPLE. By Fred Whishaw. 6s. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

Mr. Whishaw's art is that of the *raconteur*. It is not what he tells that matters, but his way of telling it. In his books improbabilities daunt us not a whit; individuals, dull, perhaps, in themselves, do not bore us. Mr. Whishaw takes us by the button and begins his tale, and there we remain, interested and entertained, until it pleases him to let us go. He evidently enjoys it himself, and groans under no burdensome purpose of edification. Half the attraction of any man's story is his own interest in it. Mr. Whishaw's manner lays hold upon our sympathies. His good nature is infectious. In "Brothers of the People" it has pleased the writer's fancy to pose as a girl. It is a compliment to Mr. Whishaw's personality to say at once that he does not make a nice girl. She has many excellent qualities—grit, courage, a strong will, and a leaning to politics, but not a spark of femininity. Elsie is only a "make-believe" woman. Mr. Whishaw has not the emotional imagination. And he never was a girl. Still, this does not in the least detract from the excellence of the story, which does not profess to analyse character, nor to be a "human document." It deals in anarchy, secret, shrouded brotherhoods, diplomacy, and bombs. Out of these materials Mr. Whishaw weaves an original and interesting plot, the intricacies of which we leave readers to unravel for themselves. They will find it excellently worth their while.



From Photo by] [*W. J. Wright, Upper Norwood.*

MR. FRED WHISHAW.

THE WORLD AND ONORA. By Lilian Street. 6s. (Duckworth.)

It is always pleasant to read about beautiful and charming people, and therefore we have enjoyed reading about Onora. She was unconventional, certainly, and rather absurd, but it is not easy to find fault with anyone so audaciously bewitching and so perfectly sure of herself. She promised to marry Alec Murray (without loving him in the least), if he got the Victoria Cross, and when he was killed at Charasia, she married an uninteresting and unattractive baronet of forty, simply because she did not see why he was so universally disliked. When he was cruel to her and dosed her baby to death, she left him and fell in love with a music-hall singer whose comic songs were drawing crowds in a Kent watering-place, and in order to marry him (Bluebeard being dead) she exchanged Park Lane for Bethnal Green. Not a very fascinating story in itself, and yet fascinating in the telling. Miss Street knows how to keep things going on briskly, and how to enliven her tale with dialogue. Ladies, young and old, with leisurely afternoons to fill up, should certainly include "The World and Onora" in their library list.

THE PATHWAY OF THE GODS. By Mona Caird. 6s. (Skeffington.)

Mrs. Mona Caird has put a great deal of elaborate and solid work into this book. There is no trifling, except of a very clever and epigrammatic description. The subject is humanity, the setting is Rome; and both are taken seriously. There are excellent pictures of artist life in Rome, drawn, as it would seem, for truth, and not for effect. Julian Ford and his associates are neither so "regardless" nor so picturesque as the average art student of fiction. But the real force of the book lies in the study of Anna Carrington, a young woman of strong, if ill-regulated, intellect, a commanding conscience, a very considerable egotism, an exhaustingly trenchant wit, and, somewhere, behind and beneath all this, a woman's power of self-sacrifice. She claimed the "artistic temperament" as the cause of, and compensation for, her sorrows. As the writer says, "the artistic temperament seemed to exact many penalties. It had to be treated with all the circumspection that one would give to a consignment of dynamite or nitro-glycerine. To avoid subjecting it to subtle and exquisite tortures, the utmost vigilance was required, and even then there was no certainty that the tortures would not occur, all the same." From which it is easy to guess that her *fiancé* had not an altogether easy time, and sometimes "wondered with a thrill of dismay whether this sort of emotional switchback was to go on for the rest of his life." Although a trying person to meet, Anna is thoroughly interesting to read about, and her presence in the book gives it a very distinct excellence and value. There are many capital minor characters, much good, if somewhat heavy, writing, and over everything the charm of Italy. The book is very much the reverse of frivolous, and ought to please those who take their fiction semi-seriously.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE THREE. By Blanche Loftus Tottenham. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

This story fulfils the suggestion of its title. It deals with the stirring history of Italy a century ago, when Buonaparte posed as the hope of the Italian patriots. The hero, Lelio Zarano, is a young Venetian noble who becomes a lieutenant in Massena's army. He has an adventurous and romantic career, on the field, in the duello, in prison and under torture, but escapes at last to find happiness with the lovely and unfortunate young Contessa, whose defender and rescuer he has established himself from the first. The story is a capital one, full of the fire and passion of the South. It gives an admirable picture of the state of society in Venice, and Italy generally, at a time when "the talons of the eagle" were ready to "fasten on the dead lion of St. Mark."

AT FRIENDLY POINT. By G. Firth Scott. 3s. 6d. (Bowden.)

We opened Mr. Firth Scott's new book with considerable trepidation, having lively recollections of a narrow escape from brain fever after "The Last Lemurian." But a few pages reassured us by making it abundantly evident that the supernatural was not in evidence at Friendly Point. The lives of the Friendly Pointers were not distinguished by any colourless monotony or uninteresting ultra-respectability, but at least their habits were mundane, and visions were not about. We are glad to find, however, that Mr. Firth Scott has not expended all his vitality of language on the Lemurian Queen. He is still lively, even forcible, though, fortunately, not quite so much so in his own person as in his characters. The speech of the Australian bushman is, to say the least of it, vivid, and Mr. Firth Scott does not tone it down overmuch. There are seven stories in this little volume—all picturesque, realistic, and vigorous. But there is one of notable excellence, second to nothing of the kind that we have lately read. That one is "Rat Junior's Ride." It stirs our sympathies and rouses our imagination; and it reserves its climax till the very end. The result of that race matters to the reader, however little of a sportsman he may be, as much as to Rat himself. Did he win it, or the black? And what happened at the high hurdle? It is just what happened at the high hurdle that makes the story the capital one it is. What that was we decline to say. It is worth finding out.

ANANIAS. By the Hon. Mrs. Alan Brodrick. 6s. (Methuen.)

We do not imagine the writer intended sarcasm, but undoubtedly this story might be taken as an illustration of the depths of evil into which a young man may be swept by an inundation of good advice. Never were such edifying people as Richard Annesley's relatives — but alas for Richard himself! He marries the woman he loathes and deceives the woman he loves. Then he describes the whole situation in a novel called "Ananias," and his deep-laid schemes are brought to naught. The writer does not believe in neutral tints. Her scenes may be crude, but they are vivid. Her chief fault is that she suggests nothing, leaves nothing to the reader's intelligence. Everything is set laboriously down in black and white. Probably that was why the good advice did Richard so little good. It left him nothing to think about. The reader is in the same position. With this fault amended and a little more regard paid to probability, Mrs. Brodrick may yet write a very good book.

THE DUENNA OF A GENIUS. By M. E. Francis. 6s. (Harpers.)

An almost tragic situation is here suggested; but Mrs. Blundell had not the heart, or the courage, to follow it out to its only too probable end. The result is, therefore, a very pleasant story. To be the duenna of a genius, who is also a beauty, is to be the slave of the greatly endowed one; and when the slave is a gifted personality herself, there is bound to be an immense sacrifice and constant pain. Whether it seems worth lamenting over or not depends on how high we rank the value of genius. But it is a tragedy to the duenna all the same. However, in this story we see Sir John Croft hovering over Margot, the loving and dutiful guardian, from the very beginning. We know he will never forsake her, and when Waldenek carries off the genius Valérie from her care, we are certain Sir John is waiting to be the fondest and proudest husband of a hitherto rather trampled and looked-down on young woman. So she hardly ever receives from us the sympathy due to her arduous duennaship; and we are all the more comfortable. Valérie is an amusing little scaramouch. We cannot help wondering what will become of her in married life. If Waldenek has also the tantrums of genius, they will annoy each other famously. Perhaps, after all, Margot's care of her was not at an end when she became Lady Croft. But there again we are suggesting troubles which are quite decently hidden under the pleasantness of the story. The romantic incident of the girl following the world-renowned musician to the woods at dawn, and playing to him divinely, is very prettily described. It is the only time, in this musical novel, where we feel music to be really uppermost. There are marks of clever observation on every other page. The genius's childish ways and delights, and her atrocious taste, are related with a good deal of humour. But we think Mrs. Blundell has erred in making the two young artists, half Hungarian, half French, show such a true British and Philistine shame of poverty. The style is sometimes excellent, but there are blunders that surprise us in so able a writer. "He was right in his surmise—the girls were not of Frankish origin," She means French, or Gallic, a very different thing from Frankish. And to say—the relative age of two sisters is being referred to—"She was, if anything, the younger of the two," is somewhat absurd.

DOMITIA. By S. Baring-Gould. 6s. (Methuen.)

The reading world may be divided into those who can and those who cannot wade through novels made out of ancient history. There are some to whom Thucydides and Niebuhr are light reading, and who are no scorners of fiction, yet who are repelled by all imaginative attempts to place early Greece, or Rome, or Egypt familiarly before our eyes. It is useless trying to persuade such to read the newest specimen of the novel of the ancient world. But to any who have only a fear—based on many past experiences—that the novel may be dull, we can honestly say that "Domitia" is lively enough. Mr. Baring-Gould is never pedantically reverent in his treatment of history or tradition. But, at least, there are no faults of taste here. The tone of this story of Nero's Rome is exceedingly modern, and very cleverly designed to make a reader of to-day feel at home and amused rather than instructed. An exception must be made to this last assertion so far as Domitia is concerned. She is not amusing, but very serious-minded, a terrible inquirer into insoluble problems, and a most haughty rejecter of answers that don't convince her. She gains mental rest when she turns to Christianity at last. An interesting and pathetic woman is Domitia, but with hardly the charm that Mr. Baring-Gould meant to give her. There are busts of her in the Chiaramente, the Capitoline, and the Florence galleries. He fell in love with her face, and no wonder, for it is a fascinating face, of great intellectual beauty. It is in the minor characters that the modern tone chiefly shows, in Longa, Domitia's mother, most of all. The views of that lively lady on Push are just those of a much advertising firm of to-day. One is reminded of a capricious American beauty, who has failed to catch an English duke, when she tells how "mad" she feels not to have attained the rank of goddess, like Poppœa, pronounced by the Senate to be divine, "to be worshipped and invoked, after Nero had kicked her and she died." Her cry of "Give me massacres rather than stagnation!" is quite characteristic. She keeps up the strain with wonderful vigour. Certainly "Domitia" is one of the most readable of the early Christian novels. It is not so dignified as Sienkiewiecz's tale of the same period; but it is a good deal livelier.

THE LOVE THAT NEVER DIES. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

Gerald was unfortunate in his relatives. He was brought up by four very unsatisfactory aunts—to wit, the Pious Cat, the Worldly Woman, the Imaginative Person, and Mrs. Hurst, who, by reason of the expression of her countenance, got no nickname. At twenty-one he married the lovely, fascinating, man-slaying Ida Tresillian, and found himself in worse case than ever. Ida is not a very convincing person. She is only a waxen-faced puppet at the best, and one cannot blame her for having sawdust where her heart should be. The aunts, however, are an entertaining quartette. The serious interest of the story centres in Gerald's mother, whom he believes to be dead until the truth is told him on his twenty-first birthday. After that there is much real pathos, deepening at last into tragedy. We liked Mrs. Penrose better in "The Modern Gospel," notwithstanding its forbidding "purpose," but this story is not without its own share of merit. It is brightly written and readable—a book for an idle hour when the critical instinct is asleep.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

PRIMARY CONVICTIONS. By William Alexander, D.D., etc., Archbishop of Armagh. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)

A few years ago, in compliance with the invitation of the Bishop of New York, Dr. Alexander delivered some discourses there and at Harvard. These were afterwards published, and they are now in a second edition. As the title indicates, the subjects discussed are some of the leading articles of the Creed, and the lecturer makes it his aim to state with some precision, although in popular language, what it is that the Christian is required to believe. Further, he endeavours to make good the reasonableness of belief. As was to be expected, the Archbishop's volume is pleasant reading, always full of life, frequently poetical and eloquent, brightened with anecdote and illustration, and sometimes arresting the reader with a remarkably happy phrase or suggestive idea. Its worth as an apologetic consists rather in its appeal to those who misunderstand the Christian demand—and of these there are multitudes—than in any assault upon the supposed philosophical grounds of unbelief. Its appeal, both in substance and in form, is likely to be felt by that large number of persons in Christendom who allow themselves to live in mist and to be carried by the prevailing currents of opinion. The awkward misprints should have been corrected in this edition. Three mistakes in one short footnote is superfluity of naughtiness.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF ST. PETER, I. 1—II. 17. The Greek Text, with Introductory Lecture, Commentary, and Additional Notes. By the late F. J. A. Hort, D.C.L., etc. 6s. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

This is a most tantalizing fragment, enough only to show us how great a commentator was lost in Dr. Hort. His lifelong friend and fellow-worker, Dr. Westcott, relates, as Dr. Hort himself had already informed us, how the three great Cambridge scholars had planned a Commentary on the New Testament. To Dr. Hort were assigned the Epistles of St. James, St. Peter, and St. Jude. That he spent much labour on the first of these, we learn from his "Life"; and it is much to be desired that what he has left should see the light. Meanwhile we have this fragment, a piece of work which even more than anything previously received from the same hand, gives evidence of the patient and exact scholarship, profound learning, and weighty judgment which have become identified with the name of Dr. Hort. The commentary is very elaborate, and differs somewhat from those of Lightfoot and Westcott. It is more thoroughly theological than either. It does not adduce so many linguistic references to the classics as are found in Dr. Lightfoot's notes, but very minutely traces New Testament usage to its roots in the Old. Its pages are not so weighted with patristic quotations as Dr. Westcott's, but the space thus saved is filled with fruitful observations of his own.

THE SOUL'S DEPARTURE, and other Poems. By Edward Willmore. Cameo Series. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

We are glad to see from the publisher's announcement at the beginning of this book that the issue of the Cameo Series is being resumed. It is one of the prettiest of series to look at, and the quality of the contents has always been high, save in the two volumes of Echergaray, which have not even literary, not to speak of poetical, value. The present collection of poems is interesting and original. They give glimpses of a temperament unmistakably poetic and somewhat daring. The daring amounts to mere eccentricity, we think, in "At the Fair," a phantasmagory—if to anything more, we are unworthy to understand it, and so pass on to plainer things. In the title poem the relations of soul and body are finely hinted at, relations not too austere or remote, if both are fulfilling their ends. There is a wistful picture of the pleading soul softening the heart of Heaven's house-soldiers, to let it look in once more at the window of its old home on earth. This done, it goes on its way again, a dark, lonely way, by a moonless and starless ocean.

"The wind's thong
Forever swung,
Dread was the noise of ice."

In not very simple verse Mr. Willmore speaks the triumph of simple things and people, of those who are untired by thought, who act and dare and enjoy, instead of retiring into their brains, or burrowing in deep philosophies. Be the gospel good or bad, he gives it energetic expression of a kind that sometimes reminds us of an earlier, fresher tune than ours.

"Thy little son
Shall spread the ancient Word at last
That on the high priest's forehead shone.
Horses at work the Word shall bear
Upon the bridles that they wear."

This is a very little volume. We shall surely hear from Mr. Willmore again ere long.

COLONEL ALEXANDER GARDNER. Edited by Major Hugh Pearse. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I. 15s. (Blackwood and Sons.)

Undoubtedly Colonel Gardner had an extraordinary career. As Sir Richard Temple says in the Introduction, a full account of it would have been a tale as good as Othello told to Desdemona. He was born in America, the son of a Scottish father and an Anglo-Spanish, South American mother. The instinct of the wanderer was in his blood, and he was successively a freebooter in Central Asia, a soldier of fortune among the Afghans, a fugitive among Badakshan slave-dealers, and at last colonel of artillery in the service of Maharajah Ranjitsingh. Most of his life was spent in the Punjab, where he lived in the native fashion, but dressed somewhat strikingly in a native-cut suit of 79th tartan. He lived to the age of ninety-one, and shortly before his death wrote an admirable letter on the government of India, entitled, "A few plain, simple, and brotherly words from John Bull of India to his much-beloved Aryan brother the Right Honourable Sir John Bull of England."

In every way the account of his career is wonderful reading, full of adventure and of entertainment. Although he had no direct connection with Britain, the story is just such a one as British readers, especially British boys, will enjoy.

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES. A Record and Review. By Malcolm Bell. 7s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

This is not a new book. It is the fourth edition of a much appreciated work, brought up to date, and with some new reproductions of pictures in the place of a few studies unsuitable to the present smaller size of page. The selection of the examples of the great artist's work is excellent. In judging of the reproduction one must think of the popular price, and remember that the best processes are not for the many. Some of the cartoons and drawings and studies come out very well, and so do a few of the pictures. The rest one has to make allowances for: *Caritas* and *The Bath of Venus* are pretty bad. But the ordinary reader, intent on gaining a general impression of the character and subjects of Sir Edward's art, will be satisfied with the liberal number of the illustrations, as he may well be with their selection. Mr. Bell's "Record" is more important than his "Review." The "Year by Year" chapter could hardly be bettered. It is a conscientious and valuable mine of information, and a most interesting tale of development. The "Review" consists mostly of quotations from what other critics have said; for the rest, it is a grandiloquent eulogy. To the fineness, to the magic of the artist's imagination, to the dignity of his life, dedicate to beauty, remote from crowds and vulgarities, Mr. Bell has done ample justice. Something more precise and discriminating is wanted in the way of judgment, and need not be feared; for it is truer of Burne-Jones than of many modern artists that he created a world, and compelled others to live in its light.

HEINRICH HEINE'S LAST DAYS. By Camille Selden. 5s. (Unwin.)

These letters to "La Mouche" are very simple. They add little to our knowledge of Heine, but only serve to confirm what we already know. But it is interesting to learn something of the woman who was with the poet in his last days, and who was his chief companion and comfort in the mental and physical agony of these months. The letters themselves. They consist chiefly of short notes written in great pain or depression, and generally making some arrangement about a visit. Yet they are charming in their simplicity. The phraseology is full of the delicate tenderness characteristic of Heine at his best. There are also prose translations of poems—"The Passion Flower" and others—written especially for Mademoiselle Selden. The book is a very pretty and dainty one, and should have a place beside Heine's works in every library where these are found.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Alexander, Dr. W.—Primary Convictions, 3/6 ....Harper
[*See p.* 59.]
Burke, Mrs. W. A.—The Structure of Life 1/- & 2/-. Art & Book Co.
[*Dr. William Barry in a thoughtful and suggestive preface describes this as "A Meditation, pointed by keen sayings of wise men and women, upon what we are, and what we may be, if we will live according to our best knowledge." The writer herself describes it as an effort to help people to understand their own powers. The book is full of good and helpful advice, and deserves to be carefully read.*]
Caird, Dr. J.—University Addresses, 6/-..................Maclehose
Clarke, Dr. W. N.—An Outline of Christian Theology, 7/6....Clark
Davies, L.—Spiritual Apprehension, 6/-...................Macmillan
Elias, Colonel R.—The Tendency of Religion, 3/6 ....Chapman
[*The writer discusses the various religions of the world so as to exhibit their common ideas and beliefs. The "tendency" he finds to be towards an ultimate coalescence. His book contains much practical good sense, and is essentially "broad" in its spirit, but it by no means contains the last word on its subject.*]
Henson, H. H.—Apostolic Christianity, 6/- ....Methuen
Holy Bible (Revised Version), 5/- ....Cambridge University Press
Hort, Dr. F. J. A.—Cambridge and other Sermons, 6/-....Macmillan
Hort, Dr. F. J. A.—The First Epistle of St. Peter, 6/-....Macmillan
[*See p.* 59.]
Jackson, Rev. G.—Judgment: Human and Divine, 1/- ......Isbister
[*Four papers on "Others' Judgment of Us," "Our Judgment of Others," "Our Judgment of Ourselves," "God's Judgment of us all." The essays are earnest and thoughtful, and full of apt and striking quotations.*]
Le Bon, G.—The Psychology of Peoples, 6/- ....Unwin
[*A keen analysis of the mental constitution of races, with discussion of its influence upon their history. The individuality of a nation's modes of thought, affecting its language, and rendering absolutely perfect translation impossible, is also insisted upon.*]
Maeterlinck, M.—Wisdom and Destiny, trans. by A. Sutro, 6/-
[*See p.* 41.] Allen
McKay, Rev. G. P.—Immortality on God's Terms, 1/- ....Allenson
[*A plea for "conditional immortality." The book is frankly controversial, and states the arguments fully and fairly.*]
Rashdale, H.—Doctrine and Development, 6/-............ Methuen
Swete, H. B.—The Gospel according to St. Mark, 15/- .. Macmillan
The Modern Reader's Bible—St. John, St. Luke, and St. Paul, edited by Prof. R. G. Moulton, 2/6 each............Macmillan

NEW EDITIONS.

Blass, F.—Grammar of New Testament Greek, 14/- ......Macmillan
[*See p.* 50.]
Browne, Sir T.—Religio Medici, 10/6 ....Bell
[*A sumptuous edition limited to 500 copies. We have seldom come across a more beautifully printed book.*]

FICTION.

ATHERTON, G.—The Californians, 6/- ...... Lane
[*See p.* 51.]

BARING-GOULD, S.—Domitia, 6/- ...... Methuen
[*See p.* 59.]

BECKE, L.—Rodman the Boat-steerer, 6/- ...... Unwin

BESANT, Sir W.—The Changeling, 6/- ...... Chapman
[*See p.* 55.]

BIRCHENOUGH, M. C.—Potsherds, 6/- ...... Cassell
[*See p.* 56.]

BOOTHBY, G.—Across the World for a Wife, 5/- ...... Ward, Lock

BRODRICK, Miss A.—Ananias, 6/- ...... Methuen
[*See p.* 59.]

CAIRD, M.—The Pathway of the Gods, 6/- ...... Skeffington
[*See p.* 58.]

CAPES, B.—The Mysterious Singer (Bristol Library), 1/- ...... Arrowsmith
[*A clever story by a very gifted writer. Its ridicule of shoddy sentiment and its satire of natures that despise all sentiment are equally vigorous. But the style is unpleasantly laboured and mannered.*]

CAREY, R. N.—Mollie's Prince, 6/- ...... Hutchinson

CHESNEY, W.—The Adventures of a Solicitor, 2/6 ...... Bowden

CHETWODE, R. D.—The Knight of the Golden Chain, 6/- ...... Pearson

CLODD, E.—Tom Tit Tot, 5/- ...... Duckworth

COLDICOTT, F. A.—Hollinhurst, 6/- ...... Chapman

CORVO, Baron.—Stories Toto Told Me, 1/- ...... Lane
[*Toto should learn a little reverence and tell no more such stories. They are cleverish undoubtedly, and there may be various opinions about the propriety of burlesquing the saints, but at its furthest limit burlesque should surely stop there. And this does not.*]

COX, E.—Courtship and Chemicals, 3/6 ...... Ward, Lock
[*See p.* 57.]

COXON, E.—Within Bounds, 6/- ...... Constable

CRAIG, Dr. J. D.—Bruce Reynell, M.A ...... Stock
[*Dr. Duncan Craig is not an interesting writer, but on the whole this is better than "John Maverell." There is less of it for one thing, and treating as it does of Ireland eleven years ago, there is more vivacity and less learning in it. Trelcat appears again, and there is a good deal about Irish politics, and some lively fighting.*]

DICK, G.—Fitch and his Fortunes ...... Stock

DUNTON, T. W.—Aylwin, 6/- ...... Hurst
[*See p.* 37.]

EDWARDES, C.—Shadowed by the Gods, 6/- ...... Sands

ELLIS, E. S.—Klondike Nuggets and How Two Boys Secured Them, 2/6 ...... Cassell
[*Yet another Klondike book—a boys' story this time. There is a worthy old Argonaut from California who keeps things lively, and several other bright characters. It is a very fair specimen of the typical boys' book.*]

ELLIS, E. S.—Scouts and Comrades, or Tecumseh, Chief of the Shawanoes, 2/6 ...... Cassell
[*Plenty of fighting and adventure, such as boys should enjoy. The sub-title sufficiently indicates the type.*]

ELLIS, E. S.—Astray in the Forest; Captured by Indians, 1/6 each
[*Boy's stories of adventure, lively and brightly illustrated.*] Cassell

FINNEMORE, J.—The Custom of the Country, 3/6 .. Lawrence & Bullen

FRANCIS, M. E.—The Duenna of a Genius, 6/- ...... Harper
[*See p.* 59.]

GAUNT, M.—Deadman's, 6/- ...... Methuen
[*See p.* 56.]

GAY, Madame S.—Marie de Mancini, 6/- ...... Lawrence & Bullen

GERARD, D.—The Impediment, 6/- ...... Blackwood

GILCHRIST, R. M.—The Rue Bargain, 2/6 ...... Richards

GLASGOW, E.—Phases of an Inferior Planet, 6/- ...... Heinemann

GORDON, J.—Three Children of Galilee, 3/6 ...... Jarrold
[*The Life of Christ arranged as a story for young people, in which the apostles address one another in modern colloquial English. There are scores of illustrations, a reproduction of the Sistine Madonna forming the frontispiece.*]

GRAHAM, W.—The Star Child, 6/- ...... Hurst

GREGORY, C. O.—The Sultan's Mandate, 6/- ...... Unwin
[*This is a terrible tale of horror and suffering in Armenia. The author is himself an Armenian, and vouches for the accuracy of his accounts. The story, of course, is fictitious, as well as most of the names, but the incidents are a faithful and not over-coloured picture of what has taken place.*]

GREEN, Rev. E.—The Knight's Quest, 1/6
Church of England Temperance Society
[*A volume of short stories inculcating the principles of Total Abstinence as the real cure for social evil, poverty, and distress.*]

HARKER, L. A.—The Intervention of the Duke, 2/- ...... Bowden

HOOPER, I.—The Minister's Conversion, 6/- ...... Black

HYNE, C.—The Adventures of Captain Kettle, 6/- ...... Pearson

IDE, W.—In the Potter's Hand, 6/- ...... Digby
[*An agreeable story of Wales and Yorkshire. There are bright young people, and the usual course of true love running rough most of the way, and smooth in the last chapter.*]

JACOBS, W. W.—Sea Urchins, 3/6 ...... Lawrence & Bullen
[*See p.* 57.]

JAMES, H.—The Two Magics, 6/- ...... Heinemann
[*See p.* 54.]

JOKAI, M.—An Hungarian Nabob, 6/- ...... Jarrold

KIPLING, R.—The Day's Work, 6/- ...... Macmillan
[*See p.* 52.]

KNIGHTS, L.—The Rose of Dawn, 3/6 ...... Jarrold
[*This is just the book to give a schoolgirl for a birthday gift. It tells the history of a young Briton of the first century, who finds herself in Rome, and is converted to Christianity by the influence of a Roman soldier. The story is pleasantly told, and the book, though of no special literary distinction, will fill excellently a place in any juvenile library.*]

LEE, C.—Paul Carah, Cornishman, 6/- ...... Bowden
[*See p.* 57.]

LEEDS, Duchess of.—Capriccios, 6/- ...... Hodder
[*See p.* 53.]

LEGH, M. H. C.—A Hard Master, 6/- ...... Service

MAARTENS, M.—Her Memory, 6/- ...... Macmillan
[*See p.* 57.]

MACFARLANE, C.—A Legend of Reading Abbey, ed. by G. L. Gomme, 3/6 ...... Constable
[*The reigns of Harold and William I. having been already dealt with in this series, Mr. Gomme now passes to that of Stephen of Blois, finding in this novel by C. Macfarlane a soberly faithful picture of the circumstances and the times. The period has been strangely missed by romancists. A writer of picturesque imagination could make a stirring book of it. In his introduction Mr. Gomme has interesting remarks to make on the circumstances of Stephen's election.*]

MAUDE, E.—Belinda and Some Others, 3/6 ...... Arrowsmith
[*Another of Mr. Arrowsmith's lively series. Among such facetious people as Belinda and the rest there cannot but be some entertainment. The story is a very bright and lively one, full of harmless nonsense.*]

MAYNE, E. C.—The Clearer Vision, 5/- ...... Unwin

MCLEAN, A.—In the Shadow of the Hills, 3/6 ...... Warne

MEADE, L. T., and **EUSTACE**, R.—A Master of Mysteries, 5/-
Ward, Lock
[*The mysteries are a trifle disappointing—they are not quite mysterious enough to be really exciting. But the illustrations, at least, will raise a shiver.*]

MOLESWORTH, Mrs.—The Magic Nuts, 4/6 ...... Macmillan
[*A pretty fairy tale for children who are past the picture-book stage.*]

MORGAN-DE-GROOT, J.—A Lotus Flower, 6/- ...... Blackwood

NEISH, R.—The Others. By One of Them, 3/6 ...... Arrowsmith
[*This is a bright book, with lots of anecdotes, some of them funny. There is not much story about it, but it gossips along pleasantly enough about "Papa" and "Celia" and the rest. One can begin it anywhere and read anything without troubling about context or connection.*]

NORRIS, W. E.—The Widower, 6/- ...... Heinemann

OLIPHANT, Mrs.—That Little Cutty, and Other Stories, 6/-
Macmillan

OLLIVANT, A.—Owd Bob, 6/- ...... Methuen
[*See p.* 55.]

OPPENHEIM, E. P.—Mysterious Mr. Sabin, 3/6 ...... Ward, Lock
[*A well-written and thoroughly exciting novel. The interest in the mysterious Mr. Sabin and his plotting never flags, but it seems a pity that Mr. Oppenheim does not let the story end with his flight. The last chapters are unnecessary.*]

ORPEN, Mrs.—Corrageen in '98, 6/- ...... Methuen

OSTLERE, E.—From Seven Dials, 3/6 ...... Duckworth
[*These are very nearly the meanest tales of mean streets we have ever read. Miss Ostlere certainly writes with considerable ability, but it is wasted on this class of story, of which we have had enough and to spare.*]

PASTON, G.—A Writer of Books, 6/- ...... Chapman
[*See p.* 56.]

PEMBERTON, M.—The Phantom Army, 6/- ...... Pearson

PETHYBRIDGE, J. L.—The Little General (Chatterbox Library), 1/6
Gardner
[*A bright story of the good old-fashioned type, about a poor boy who became a famous General. An excellent children's prize-book.*]

PETT RIDGE, W.—Mord Em'ly, 6/- ...... Pearson
[*See p.* 55.]

PHILIPS, F. C.—A Question of Colour, 1/- ...... Constable
[*This is not a nice story. Everybody behaved badly, except the middle-aged friend, and he did not behave in any way in particular. True, it keeps one reading for fifteen minutes or so, but there are so many pleasanter ways of spending fifteen minutes.*]

PHILPOTTS, E.—Children of the Mist, 6/- ...... Innes

PUGH, E.—Tony Drum, 6/- ...... Heinemann
[*See p.* 53.]

PUGH, E., and **GLEIG**, C.—The Rogues' Paradise, 3/6 ...... Bowden

RITCHIE, A. D.—The Master of Craigens, 3/6 ...... Oliphant
[*The Master of Craigens appears at first as a young man, already in his early prime, broken down and given to drink. The story is the unravelling of the cause. In the end, however, he is saved. The setting is among the Scottish peasantry, but the dialect is not forbidding. There is a good deal of eerie talk about "deid-gowns" and other portents. The story is an interesting one.*]

ROBERTS, M.—The Keeper of the Waters, 6/- ...... Skeffington

RUSSELL, W. C.—The Romance of a Midshipman, 6/- ...... Unwin
[*See p.* 55.]

SCOTT, G. F.—At Friendly Point, 3/6 ...... Bowden
[*See p.* 58.]

SCAWELL, M. E.—The Loves of the Lady Arabella, 6/- ...... Macmillan

SMEATON, O.—The Treasure Cave of the Blue Mountains, 5/-
Oliphant

SMITH, C.—Prisoners of Hope, 6/- ...... Innes

SNOWDEN, K.—The Plunder Pit, 6/- ...... Methuen
[*See p.* 53.]

SPEIGHT, T. W.—In the Dead of Night, 3/6 ...... Jarrold

STREET, L.—The World and Onora, 6/- ...... Duckworth
[*See p.* 58.]

STRETTON, H.—Hester Morley's Promise, 6/- ...... Hodder

TRELAWNEY, D.—A Man of No Account, 1/- Church Newspaper Co.
[*No. 2 of the "Records of Craysmere Village." We liked No. 1 of this series, and we like No. 2 even better. The story is a deeply touching one, beautifully told. We shall watch with the greatest interest for the succeeding numbers. To read these has been a genuine pleasure. If the others maintain this level, they will do well.*]

VACHELL, H. A.—A Drama in Sunshine, 6/- ...... Macmillan

"**W. A. B.**"—The "Man-Stories" of a Black Snake, 6/- .. Whittaker
[*The Black Snake's name was Uncle Stretcher, and he related his man-stories, dealing with bush life chiefly, but also with Adam and Eve, to his youthful relatives in the forest. It is an amusing book, and contains nuggets of instruction thrown in as it were by the way. But we are assured in a somewhat portentously impressive preface that it is not a children's book, but has to do with the elucidation of elusive theories on mental phenomena.*]

WARDEN, F.—Joan the Curate, 3/6 ...... Chatto

WILLIAMSON, Mrs. C. N.—Fortune's Sport, 6/- ...... Pearson
[*See p.* 57.]

WOOD, W.—Through Battle to Promotion, 6/- ...... Bowden
[*This story is long time of beginning. The British officer appears to beat about the bush a good deal in conversation. But the chat is agreeable enough, and there is fighting by-and-by. On the whole it is a good story, and it has "Peace and Triumph" and a double wedding at the end.*]

New Editions.

Austen, J.—Emma, 6/- .... Allen

Crockett, S. R.—The Men of the Moss Hags, 6/- .... Isbister

Hawthorne, N.—The Blithesdale Romance, 3/6 .... Service

[*A very pretty edition printed in clear type on good paper. Dr. Moncure D. Conway contributes an interesting introduction.*]

Meredith, G.—The Tale of Chloe and other Stories; Evan Harrington, 6/- each ....Constable

[*Every subscriber to this edition of George Meredith's novels must regard the volumes with ever-increasing pleasure. They are a delight to hold and read. The frontispiece to each volume is in itself a work of art.*]

Pemberton, M.—The Iron Pirate, 3/6 .... Cassell

Reade, C.—Hard Cash, 6d.................................Chatto

Thackeray, W. M.—Sketch Book; Contributions to *Punch* (Biographical Edition), 6/- each .... Smith, Elder

[*See p.* 43.]

Yonge, C. M.—The Dove in the Eagle's Nest, 6d. ....Macmillan

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

Bowles, G. S.—A Gun-Room Ditty Box, 2/-..................Cassell

"E. G. H."—St. Agnes, 6d................................S.P.C.K.

"J. A."—The Coming of Spring, and other Poems, 1/- Blackwell (Oxford)

[*The writer has a sympathetic eye for natural beauty and a sympathetic heart to meditate thereon. Her (we imagine "J. A." to be a lady) verse is very innocent and pleasant, but she is not a poet.*]

Lang, A.—Selections from Coleridge, 3/6...................Longmans

Victor and Cazire.—Original Poetry, ed. by Dr. Garnett, 5/-..Lane

[*See p.* 46.]

Willmore, E.—The Soul's Departure, and other Poems (Cameo Series), 3/6...................................Unwin

[*See p.* 60.]

New Editions.

Browning, R.—Pippa Passes, ed. by Leslie Brooke, 5/-..Duckworth

Farquhar, G.—The Beaux' Stratagem (Temple Dramatists), 1/- Dent

Keats, J.—Sonnets, 2/6......................................Bell

[*A charming little volume, beautifully printed on thick paper, with two decorated pages and decorated initials.*]

Omar Khayyam, Stanzas of, 3/6..............................Bell

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

"A. M. F."—Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes, 6/-....Longmans

Autobiography of Augustus Henry, Third Duke of Grafton, K.G., ed. by Sir W. R. Anson..............................Murray

Bell, M.—Sir Edward Burne-Jones, 7/6.........................Bell

[*See p.* 60.]

Foxcroft, H. C.—Life and Letters of Sir George Savile, First Marquis of Halifax, 36/-...........................Longmans

Friswell, L. H.—James Hain Friswell, a Memoir, 15/-.....Redway

Hedin, Sven.—Through Asia, 36/-..........................Methuen

[*See p.* 48.]

Hill, M.—Margaret of Denmark, 3/6..........................Unwin

[*A remarkably attractive book in appearance and style. It gives in pleasant, unpretentious fashion a very satisfactory outline of the history of the fourteenth century Princess of Denmark, Norway and Sweden.*]

Holme, L. R.—Christian Churches in North Africa, 5/- Camb. Univ. Press

Hutchinson, Col. H. D.—The Campaign in Tirah, 1897-8, 8/6 Macmillan

Kemp, Rev. D.—Nine Years at the Gold Coast, 12/6......Macmillan

Kerr, Lady A.—Baronius, 5/-.....................Art and Book Co.

[*The Life of Cesare Cardinal Baronius, describing the origin of the "Annals" and his connection with his "father" St. Philip. There is no attempt to deal with contentious matter; the life is simply a personal narrative drawn chiefly from the extant correspondence of the Cardinal.*]

Landor, A. H. S.—In the Forbidden Land, 2 vols., 32/-..Heinemann

[*See p.* 50.]

Laughton, J. K.—Memoir of Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L., 2 vols., 28/- Longmans

[*See p.* 48.]

Parkin, G. R.—Life and Letters of Edward Thring, 17/-..Macmillan

Rhys, E.—Frederic, Lord Leighton................................Bell

Sanderson, E.—History of the World, 5/- ....Hutchinson

Schweitzer, G.—Life of Emin Pasha, 32/-..................Constable

Selden, C.—Heinrich Heine's Last Days, 5/- ....Unwin

[*See p.* 60.]

Steevens, G. W.—With Kitchener to Khartum, 6/-......Blackwood

[*See p.* 52.]

Stillman, W. J.—The Union of Italy, 6/-........Camb. Univ. Press

Story of Marco Polo, 6/-......................................Murray

Temple, Sir R.—A Bird's-Eye View of Picturesque India, 6/- Chatto

Wilkeson, F.—Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac, 3/6..................................Redway

["*Written to repair damaged or wholly ruined military reputations,*" *says the writer, in a somewhat indignant preface. He writes from the private soldier's point of view, and is severe upon the commanders. There is much interesting and some terrible reading in his account. It has a narrative interest quite apart from the historical.*]

New Editions.

Kinglake, A. W.—Eothen, 4/-.....................................Bell

[*A neat little edition of this unique travel-book. The cover and title-page make it just the book to lie prettily about a room, but for reading purposes we should prefer a less trying print.*]

Walton, I.—Lives of John Donne, etc., 2 vols. (Temple Classics), 3/- Dent

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

Arnold, T.—Notes on Beowulf, 3/6. ....Longmans

Briggs, W.—Second Stage Mathematics (the Organised Science Series), 3/6 ....Clive

[*A continuation of the earlier text book, including the logarithmic solution of oblique-angled triangles. The solutions of one or two typical practical problems are given. The section on the Use of Tables deserves for its lucidity and completeness a word of special praise.*]

Higham, J.—Battle-Pieces in Prose and Verse from Sir Walter Scott (Black's "Continuous" Readers), 1/-....A. & C. Black

[*This should please schoolboys, and girls, too. Scott's verse generally attracts children, and in these extracts, as well as in the prose, there is plenty of life and action.*]

Kirkman, F. B.—The Growth of Greater Britain (the Raleigh History Readers, VII.), 1/9 ....Blackie

[*A clear and well-arranged sketch of the history of the British Colonies and Dependencies.*]

Long, J.—The Story of the Farm, 1/- ....Rural World Pub. Co.

[*A series of papers on the technicalities of farming.*]

Milton, J.—Comus and Lycidas (Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges), edited by A. W. Verity, 2/- Cam. Univ. Press

[*Much of the auxiliary matter here is recast from the Pitt Press Edition. It is none the less admirable on that account, and includes all that is required by the student.*]

Oman, C. W. C.—England and the Hundred Years' War, 1/- Blackie

[*No. 3 of the Oxford Manuals of English History. An excellent series for students past the merely elementary stage.*]

The Stevenson Reader, Selected Passages from the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson, edited by Lloyd Osbourne ....Chatto

[*This is a capital idea. There is something seriously wrong with the schoolboy who is not interested in "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island," and here he has an interesting lesson and the chance of absorbing an exquisite style. There are extracts from most of the works of R. L. S., not merely the tales of adventure.*]

Webber, F. C.—Carpentry and Joinery (Text Books of Technology), 3/6 ....Methuen

[*Contains the theory of timber work in a chapter on geometry and projection, and many chapters of practical instruction. The book deserves the attention of many besides carpenters. Most people have to take hammer in hand occasionally, and a little of the information here given might make the results less disastrous.*]

Wells, S. H.—Practical Mechanics, 3/6....................Methuen

[*Another of the "Textbooks of Technology." A very clear and fully-illustrated handbook.*]

New Edition.

Briggs, W.—General Elementary Science (University Tutorial Series), 3/6......................................Clive

[*The New London Matriculation syllabus has caused a great demand for a Science Handbook such as this. That a new edition is required so soon is a testimony to the fitness of the book for its purpose.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Alfred the Great, or England's Darling" on the Egyptian Campaign 6d. ....Arrowsmith

[*Represents a poet with "full many a double-breasted groan" and "sundry tufts of plucked-out hair" struggling to write a poem on the Sirdar's Campaign. The verses are really comical, there is quite six pennyworth of fun in them.*]

Allen, G.—Venice, 3/6 ....Richards

Bell's Cathedral Series—Southwell Cathedral. By the Rev. A. Dimock, 1/6...Bell

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Book of Devotions, compiled and arranged by J. W. Stanbridge, 2/- Methuen

[*Another volume in this exquisite little Library of Devotion. The prayers include many familiar ones, notably those from the Psalter, but the sources of the others are not mentioned.*]

Bo-Peep: A Treasury for the Little Ones, 2/6 and 3/6.........Cassell

[*The yearly volume for* 1898, *prettily printed and bound.*]

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Cundall, J. W.—London, 1/-...............................Greening

[*A very lively and readable little guide "for the Visitor, Sportsman, and Naturalist," containing short separate articles on subjects so various as Billiards and Wildflowers. Mr. Clement Scott contributes a very interesting paper on "Literary Restaurants: Past and Present."*]

Cycling (New Penny Handbooks), 1d. ....Ward, Lock

[*Again an excellent pennyworth, containing some useful information as to the Rights and Liabilities of the cyclist on the road.*]

Dante.—Some Similes from The Paradiso of Dante Alighieri, collected and trans. by Constance Blount, 3/6..........Chapman

[*This is a prettily got-up little book, pleasant to turn over in the search for old favourites. But since the renderings are in prose they might with advantage have more closely followed the original. The Italian is given, and opposite it the translation, with a few words to explain the context.*]

Darton's Sunday Pleasure Book, 2/6 ....Gardner

[*There are text pictures to be painted, Scripture picture puzzles, Bible acrostics, sets of questions, and every imaginable device to brighten the nursery Sunday. It is a really excellent and useful book which parents should not neglect.*]

Davies, Rev. Dr. W. G.—The People's Progress...............Stock

[*A philosophical analysis of the first principles of thought, of judgment, of feeling, and of action, as a help to a better understanding of the conditions of social advancement. The aim of the book is practical, "To do is the grand end both of knowing and feeling." The writer's point of view is interesting and suggestive. His style lucid though sometimes severely technical in phraseology.*]

Dawson, W. J.—Table Talk with Young Men, 3/6 ....Hodder

Elizabeth and her German Garden, 6/- ....Macmillan

Farrar, Dean.—Great Books, 5/-.............................Isbister

Great Souls at Prayer, selected and arranged by Mrs. M. W. Tileston, 2/- ....Bowden

[*Among the authors of these prayers we find such varied names as St. Thomas Aquinas, the Rev. John Donne, Lady Jane Grey, Ludovicus Vives, and R. L. Stevenson. But the literary interest is secondary, for the prayers are admirably chosen and deeply devotional in spirit. We are a little sorry to see none from Jacob Behmen.*]

Harper's Round Table, 1898, 7/6 ....Harper

[*The first annual volume of this up-to-date monthly.*]

HEWINS, W.—The Whitefoord Papers, 12/6.........Clarendon Press

JENNINGS, E.—The Everlasting Animals, 5/-..............Duckworth

LAWTON, W. C.—The Successors of Homer, 5/-.................Innes

MACKIE, Rev. G. M.—Bible Manners and Customs (The Guild Library), 1/6 ....A. & C. Black

[*Mr. Mackie has all the qualifications for his task that residence in Syria can give him. He knows the country as it is to-day, and Orientals change but little. He has written a useful and interesting book which should be appreciated by Biblical students.*]

Newberry Bible Series:—Holy Men of Old; Rulers in Israel; Stories of the Patriarchs; The Holy Child; 6d. each....Griffith

[*Short Bible stories for children, with pictures on every page, attractively bound in picture boards.*]

PERRY, W. C.—The Revolt of the Horses, 3/6 ....Richards

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Pitman's Practical Spanish Instructor, 1½d.........................Pitman

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Pitman's French Weekly, Vol. 3, 3/6 ....Pitman

[*The half year's numbers bound together in a bright and picturesque red cover.*]

PRICE, E. D.—The Story of Religions, 1/- ....Newnes

[*The title is a misnomer in this case, fortunately, for the little book is much better than it could have been if it had attempted to tell the "story" of each religion. As it is it gives little more than a definition, which is all that could be satisfactorily given in the compass. That it begins with Hinduism and includes the Salvation Army, working finally back to Theosophy, sufficiently indicates its scope*]

QUIGLEY, D.—Success is for You, 1/6...........................Sands

[*The sort of book which is almost sure to help somebody and cannot do harm to anybody. The advice is excellent.*]

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[*In a word "feel young" is the writer's secret. If even this is a difficulty, read the book. It is a good one.*]

REASON, W.—University and Social Settlements, 2/6........Methuen

Red Riding Hood's Picture Book (Walter Crane's Picture Books, Vol. 4). 4/6 (separate parts 1/- each) ....Lane

[*A delightful Christmas book for the little ones. It contains "Jack and the Beanstalk," and "The Forty Thieves," as well as "Red Riding Hood," and the pictures are of the gayest.*]

REICH, E.—Hungarian Literature, 6/-..........................Jarrold

SAINTSBURY, Prof. G.—A Short History of English Literature, 8/6 Macmillan

[*See p.* 45.]

SMITH, G. G.—The World of Golf (The Isthmian Library, No. 3), 5/- Innes

[*This is more than a mere golf manual. It is a book for the golfer to read when he and his clubs are parted, and a "foursome" only a recollection and a hope. There are entertaining chapters on various golfer's topics. The links at East Lothian are treated with a player's enthusiasm; but "Arthurseat" is unpardonable in anybody who has seen it.*]

Sportswoman's Library, edited by F. Z. Slaughter, 2 vols., 25/- Constable

STERRY, W.—Annals of Eton College, 7/6 ....Methuen

SYDNEY, W. C.—The Early Days of the 19th Century, 2 vols., 18/- Redway

[*Reminiscences—not very valuable—of the society, manners, and idiosyncrasies of our great-grandfathers' days.*]

The Church Hymnary, various prices ....Frowde

[*The long-expected Hymnal at last! Of course, no hymnal can please everybody, but this should please most. The selection of hymns seems excellent, and the music carefully arranged. It is an infinite advantage that all Presbyterian churches should use the same book.*]

The Quiver, Yearly Volume for 1898, 7/6 ....Cassell

[*The twelve monthly parts of this excellent magazine bound in a handsome cloth cover.*]

THOMPSON, A. H.—Cambridge and its Colleges, Illus. by E. H. New 3/- ....Methuen

[*Another of Messrs. Methuen's dainty little volumes. It has, of course, a special interest for Cambridge students, past and present, but will be enjoyed by all who are interested in the classic buildings of the University. The illustrations are admirable.*]

THOMPSON, Rev. Canon.—The Church of St. Saviour, Southwark..Ash

[*A short history of this fine mediæval building—the finest in London after Westminster. This excellent account is for the guidance of visitors, and is more complete and reliable than the ordinary guide books.*]

WILLIAMS, E. E.—The Imperial Heritage, 2/6 ....Ward, Lock

[*A series of short descriptive accounts—historical, economical, political—of our various colonies. Mr. Williams roundly denounces "England's unmotherly treatment of the Empire's young Provinces." but finds that she "has awakened from her shameful lethargy." The book is in large, clear print, and liberally illustrated.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

BREWER, Rev. Dr.—The Reader's Handbook, 7/6............Chatto

[*A new enlarged and revised edition of an invaluable book. It is indeed a handbook which no literary man should be without, for it is crammed with useful references.*]

LAMB, C. and M.—Tales from Shakespeare, with Introduction and Notes by David Frew, 1/6.....................Blackie

[*A capital book for young readers. A short biography is prefixed, and the historical and literary notes are excellent. But young people who can appreciate these will not care to have such words as "opportunely" and "handmaid" explained to them.*]

Notable Shipwrecks, Being Tales of Disaster and Heroism at Sea, 1/- Cassell

[*Boys do not soon tire of this sort of reading. They will find adventures here to please them—and all true.*]

RUSKIN, J.—Stones of Venice, Vol. 2, 10/- ....Allen

[*The second volume of the new edition in small form. The plates are excellently produced, and the paper and printing all that could be desired.*]

TUCKER, A. B.—Simple Thoughts for the Church's Seasons, 2/- Church Newspaper Co.

[*A neat little edition of this much appreciated devotional manual.*]

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Pilgrim's Progress, with Bennett's plates, 4to edition.
Aird's Old Bachelor.
Life of Wm. Carey, Missionary.
Poems by A. N. (Sheriff Nicholson).
Moorland Rhymes, by R. Wanlock Reid.
Ettrick Shepherd's Works, 2 vols., royal 8vo. (Blackie).
McDowall's History of Dumfries, 2nd edition.
Mayne's Siller Gun.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 AND 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Shelley's Queen Mab, 1813, £5 offered.
Omar Khàyyam, 1859, £5 offered.
The Heptalogia, 1880, 20s. offered.
Yule's Marco Polo, 1875, £3 offered.
Burlington Fine Arts Club Catalogue of Portrait Miniatures, 1889, £5 offered.
Ditto, Bookbinding, 1891, £3 offered.
Geo. Meredith's Poems, 1851, £5 offered.
Milton's Poems, 1645, £10 offered.
Arthur O'Leary, 3 vols., 1844, £2 offered.
Burton's Arabian Nights, 16 vols., £20 offered.
Smith's Catalogue Raisonné, 9 vols., 1829-42, £10 offered.
Badminton Hunting, l. p., £10 offered.
Ireland's Life of Napoleon, 4 vols., £4 offered.

J. BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE STREET, YORK.

Wesley's Journal.
Wesley's History of Methodism.
Myles' " "
Stevens' " "
Smith's " "
Spurgeon's Treasury of David.
Drake's York.
Grainge's Battles and Battlefields of Yorkshire.
Davies' Walks through York.
History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, by Nicholson and Burn.
The Worthies of Westmoreland.

THOMAS CARVER, 8, HIGH TOWN, HEREFORD.

Shepherdess of Reva.
Plan Hereford City about 1830.
Baily's Mag., April, 1869.
Fun, 1878.
Robinson's Mansions and Manors, Herefordshire.
Dictionary of National Biography, vol. containing S.
Macdonald and Sinclair, Aberdeen and Angus Polled Cattle.
White, English Illustrations, 8vo.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

Ackermann's Repository, any.
Bon Ton Magazine, any vols.
Burns' Poems, old editions.
New York, Philadelphia, old books on.
Geneste, the English Stage, 10 vols.
Jones, Present State of Virginia, 1724.
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, 1807.
Pauline, a Fragment (Poems), 1833.
Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers, 3 vols., 1859-62.
Saxton's Atlas of England and Wales, 1579.
Harriette Wilson's Memoirs.
Shakespeare's Works, Singer, 10 vols., 1826.
Sporting Magazine, any vols.
Sheraton's Furniture, 2 vols., 1793-94.
The Pentland Rising, Edinburgh, 1866.
Thespian Magazine, 3 vols., 1793-94.
Trials for Adultery, 7 vols., 1780.

HENRY DOOLEY, STOCKPORT.

Milman's Latin Christianity, 9 vols. (Murray).
Brett's Ancient Arms and Armour (S. Low & Co.).

EDWARDS, 489, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON.

Stallybrass' Grimm's Teutonic.
Mythology, vol. 2 (Swan Sonnenschein).
Bunsen's God in History, vol. 3 (Longmans).
Chronicles of the Seasons, vol. 4 (Parker).
Stephen's Book of Common Prayer vol. 3 (Ecclesiastical History Society).
Leary's (Rev. Dr.) Christian Jewels (Nisbet).
Leary's Every Christian's Everyday Book (Warne).
Leary's Christian Soldier's Armour (Swan Sonnenschein.)
Southey's Doctor, with index (Murray).

F. HARDING, 39, MILLMAN STREET, BEDFORD ROW, W.C.

Enid and Nimue, 1857.
True and False, 1859.
Address to the Irish People, 1812.
Sketches by Boz, 1836.
Hazlitt's Liber Amoris, 1823.
Drane, The Worship of the Serpent, 1833.

T. S. HIGSON, COTTINGLEY, BINGLEY, YORKS.

W. and R. Bent's London Catalogue of Books, any.
Hodgson's London Catalogue, any.
British Catalogue of Books, any.
English Catalogue Annual Supplement, 1832 to 1883, any.
Catalogues of Maunsell, London's, R. Clavel, Lintott, Bohn's, etc, any.

F. L. MAWDESLEY, DELWOOD CROFT, YORK.

Naval Chronicle, vols. 24, 27, 28, 33, 34, 35.

J. REDFEARN, OAKFIELD, SILSDEN, KEIGHLEY.

Newcombe and Holden's Astronomy.
Wesleyan Conference Minutes (prior to 1827).
Early Methodist Letters MSS., and Printed Literature.